PENTHOUSE™

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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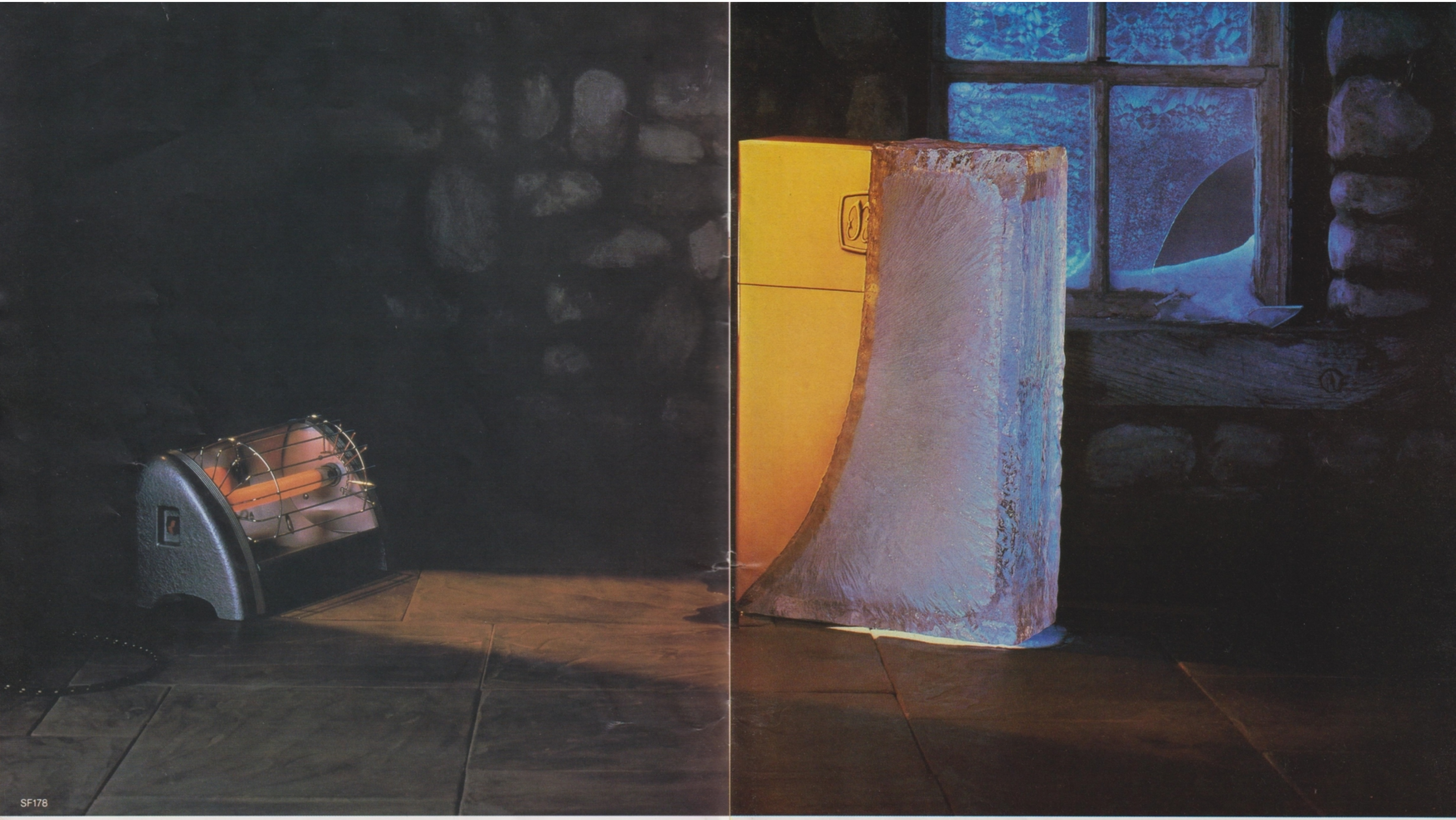

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PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
1986 Vol. 21 No. 5

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Feedback is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to *Penthouse* Feedback, Northern & Shell Building, PO Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9TW. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

TURN OFF

Why oh why must my favourite men's magazine be ruined by those awful girls in the *Penthouse* Roadshow? Month in month out we're 'treated' to a parade of women who are about as exciting as the average rhino's arse — they look cold, miserable and totally unhorny. Knock it on the 'ead, won't you? I pay £2.50 a month for this magazine and I find it *insulting* that you consider these pages 'erotic'. — N. Bewley, Maida Vale.

A STAR IS BORN

It's nice to see some fun in the pages of *Penthouse*. First off you introduce the excellent 'Jack The Lad' cartoon strip (that one about the nipples was great!), then 'Deevoy's Column', and now an excellent story about the nuclear holocaust. I'd never heard of Adrian Deevoy before Penthouse got him — has he written any books? Does he write for *Private Eye*? Is he Bob Monkhouse writing under a pseudonym? Is he Tom O'Connor writing under the influence? Whoever (whatever?) he is, I for one vote that we see more stuff from this incredibly funny writer. — A. Deevoy, London.

Adrian joined us after a long and glorious career as lager correspondent on leading rock magazine International Musician. *He is a shy, retiring chap who refuses to answer his own fan mail, though I understand he will consider lucrative offers from chat shows. — Ed.*

HIRSUTE PURSUIT

A short note of appreciation from all those who have enjoyed the numerous hairy pussies which have appeared in *Penthouse* over the years. Keep up the good work. — The Pussy Club.

That's more like it. Erudite comment, the cut and thrust of debate — Feedback at its best. — Ed.

MAD ON MADONNA

Congratulations on your Madonna in Colour Feature (Volume 21, No 4). Even at such a young age the lady's charms are undeniable and I wonder what the chances are of getting her to pose again? — J. Cooke, Nuneaton.

There's nothing we'd like more, but she is one elusive lady. If you'd like to ask her yourself we'd be more than happy. — Ed.

BODY DOUBLE

As a break from re-building Italian thoroughbred motorcycles in deepest Suffolk I thought I'd drop you a line to ask you why you do not feature some two-girl action photospreads.

I've been a regular reader for six years and find that the pictures presently being published in the magazine are becoming very 'samey'.

Let's have some beautifully sensuous, soft focus lesbian sequences of the type seen in the Electric Blue videos and your own excellent *Penthouse* Video. — R. Pewsey, Sudbury.

We'd love to show some erotic lesbian photosets — but you'd probably never see them. Ourselves, our distributors and the newsagent on the corner have to tiptoe through the nightmarish tangle of Britain's censorship laws, and we have good reason to believe that any such set would be condemned as 'obscene' or 'harmful' — which could mean that particular issue of Penthouse *never actually seeing the shops.*

If campaigners for more such blatant and hypocritical censorship, such as Mary Whitehouse and Winston Churchill MP, have their way, things can only get worse. Write to your MP now — or tomorrow there may not be a Penthouse *to write to. — Ed.*

WELCOME HOME

I would like to say a big thank you to *Penthouse* for, because of your magazine my wife and myself are now enjoying a revival in our bedroom activities.

Up to a few months ago neither had ever bought or discussed men's magazines so it was a shock to return home from a short business trip to find a copy of *Penthouse* in my wife's bedside cabinet. At first it was a little embarrassing, but then she admitted that she and a friend had been looking through her friend's husband's copies for some time.

We started leafing through the magazine together and from that moment our flagging sex life took a much needed boost — my welcome home was far more satisfying than a peck on the cheek! We are now a very liberated couple and it's amazing to hear my normally reserved wife discussing the merits of nipple size and the bushiness of your models' pubes. — P. B. Middlesbrough.

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CHOPPER RIDE

A year ago yesterday I was hitchhiking from the beach to my home in a string bikini. The bikini I was wearing is really sexy. I had two-inch high heels on, and my golden tan really stood out well.

The bloke that picked me up was riding a fantastic black and chrome customised motorbike. This guy was gorgeous. His name was Jeff. He stood six foot four, had brown hair, a soft fuzzy moustache, green eyes, and a golden tan! Fantasy material!

Jeff asked me where I was headed, so I told him. 'Climb on,' he said. I was already creaming my bikini bottoms over this man. When I ride on the back of a motorcycle, I hold on to the inner thighs of the driver for better control and so I know when to shift my weight over bumps. I took hold of Jeff and found a huge cock hanging halfway down his leg! *Soft*, it felt about two inches thick, and as we rode down the road I couldn't help but keep caressing it. Each bump and turn I'd have mini-orgasms with all the vibrations. Jeff was really hard now and was straining his jeans. My house was only a few miles away by now, so I told him it wouldn't be too long.

When we got to my house, Jeff pulled into the driveway while I opened the door. He took me in his arms and asked me to dance with him. As we moved across the living room floor, Jeff caressed my shoulders and stroked my hair. By now, I was soaking wet and desire swelled through my veins. Jeff knew it, but played me to the hilt. I just melted in his arms. He was soft and strong. He picked me up in his arms like I was butter, and I pointed the way to the bedroom.

Jeff laid me on my bed ever so gently and caressed my legs and feet. He actually was doing foot reflexology on me and prolonging my agony. As he ran his hands over my body, he told me he liked the feeling of women, so soft and delicate. By now, my bikini was drenched as he undid the bra. My tits were dying for attention as Jeff climbed onto the bed fully clothed. He massaged them softly, and suckled sweetly on each one. With one hand on one tit and the other untying my bikini bottom, I felt waves of shock building. (When I orgasm, I get little shock waves throughout my body, and come and so hard I nearly pass out.) His hand removed the bottom, and he caressed my patch. He kissed me so sweetly all the while. When we Frenched, I was so hot I started fucking his tongue with mine.

Jeff was so hot, too. He got off the bed to undress while I watched. First the shirt came off. Soft, cocoa-brown skin with a few well-placed tattoos. Brown hairs protruded from his upper chest. Next, he removed his boots and socks, but held the best for last. 'I must warn you not to scream when I drop my jeans. I'm hung a little different from most men.' That he was! When he finally released his pants and let them slide to the floor, I gasped. His cock was at least ten inches long, three inches wide and took a 45-degree turn the last three inches of his shaft.

As he climbed back onto the bed to continue where we left off, I got scared. Most of my men are seven to eight inches long and about one-and-a-half inches thick, but Jeff was a horse. I was afraid he'd rip my poor little twat to shreds. 'Be gentle,' I told him, 'and get on.' He knew what to do, though, and just gave me a little at a time. It took about five minutes to get all ten inches in me and lubed enough to pull it back out. Each thrust I orgasmed harder and harder. Boy, did he feel good! I was engulfed by this giant, and loving every minute of it. We had been going at it for an hour and ten minutes, when we both exploded together. I had passed out three times, orgasmed about 15 times, and fell in love. The feeling was mutual.

Since that time, Jeff and I have been living and loving together. Our sex life is as wild and as hot as the first time. — *C.B., Watton*

MOUTH TO MUFF

Do you think you'd have a problem if you had a beautiful, sexy woman and some of the best sex that there is? My problem is that this gorgeous creature is my neighbour.

Kate and I have a lot in common, and can talk to each other as friends, as well as confide secrets to each other. To me, her two best physical features are her face and legs, and one day I asked if I could take some pictures of her showing off her legs. She hesitated at first, but when I explained that no one else would ever see the pictures, she agreed. So we planned a day when she would be home alone, and I could get off from work.

I showed up with my camera and Kate greeted me at the door with a robe on. She asked me what I wanted her to wear, and I replied the robe was fine. We both agreed that the pictures wouldn't expose any of her 'vital' parts, and I started clicking away. Each picture got a little bolder, and from the angles I was shooting I could tell she had panties on, but no bra. A couple of times, when I was showing her what kind of pose I wanted, my hand or arm brushed against her, and before long, I had a massive hard-on. Of course Kate saw it, and giving me a wry smile, asked if I was having 'problems.' All I could say was: 'If you weren't married I'd ask you to take care of it.' All she did was

FORUM

smile again, and pull open her robe, flashing one of her breasts to me. That got me more worked up, so I asked her to lift up the robe over her knees, which she did. In fact, it was almost to her panties. In most of the other pictures she was smiling, but now she had a very sexy look on her face, one I'd never seen before. Maybe it was that look or the fact that I was getting hotter every minute, but I suddenly asked her if I could just touch her legs for a minute. I got on my knees behind her, and started running my hands over her shapely calves, squeezing and rubbing them from her ankles to her knees. After about ten minutes, I moved up to the edge of her panties, and as one of my hands started to slide underneath them, she responded with a very feeble 'no.' But I was too hot to stop and moved my hand quickly, and had her pussy cupped in my hand. As I lay my head against her soft bum, I moaned how good it felt, rubbing my face into her arse, my other hand slipped under the back of her panties. After about 15 minutes of this, I removed both my hands, and slid her panties off. When both hands went back to where they were, Kate spun around saying, 'Lou, we shouldn't.' But when she spun around, there right before me, was the most beautiful pussy I had ever seen.

Now I didn't care what she was saying. I put both my hands up the back of her thighs, grabbed her arse, and pulled her into me, my tongue going to work on her outer lips. She spread her legs and moved against me, her hands grabbing my head. Now my mouth was sucking that beautiful-tasting pussy while my tongue slid into her warmth. Her body was twisting and pushing against me while her moans were getting louder. Even with my hands on her bum, holding her tightly against me, it was getting difficult to keep our balance. So I said, 'Wait a minute,' and lay down on the floor on my back. I motioned to her to move down and straddle my face. I raised my head slightly in order to run my tongue first through her soft hairs. Finally, my tongue slid into her hot pussy.

My hand reached up and started rubbing and squeezing her breasts, which seemed to excite her even more. Kate was really pushing into me and rocking every which way. I got my mouth loose for a second, and told her to slow down and enjoy it. As she started a nice slow, circular motion, my mouth started sucking her lips, every so often slipping my tongue into her. Now, both my hands were squeezing her breasts and gently pinching her hard nipples.

After a good 20 minutes or so, my tongue finally moved up and touched her clit. She gasped, and her movements became more intense. I started gently sucking it as one hand moved to her bum again, caressing her firm cheeks. In just a couple of minutes, her whole body trembled and I could feel her first spasm. She pushed her pussy hard against my mouth as her spasms increased in intensity.

When she finally stopped, she started to move off me, and I said, 'Wait a minute. You're not cleaned up yet.' I then began licking and sucking her drenched pussy. She had such a large amount of pussy juice, it took me about ten minutes to get it all, but I savoured every drop.

I finally told her to roll over, and as she did I stayed with her and ended up lying between her legs, with my mouth right back on her pussy. I spread her legs wide and started kissing and licking her lovely thighs, going up one, tonguing her clit a few times, then down the other thigh. Her legs wrapped tightly around my head as she came again, just as intensely as the first time. After licking her dry again, we relaxed and I moved up next to her.

Without a word, I moved my head down, and started kissing and sucking her breasts. I started sucking, first one nipple, then the other. As my sucking got harder, she said we'd better stop, for she was pretty well spent. But now, *I* needed relief, so I got up on my knees and moved between her legs, saying, 'You, then, are about to see a man come like you've never seen before,' and I grabbed my cock and started stroking.

As worked up as I was, it didn't take me very long, and I began shooting streams of come all over her body, from her breasts to her legs. I don't think I've ever had such an intense orgasm in my life.

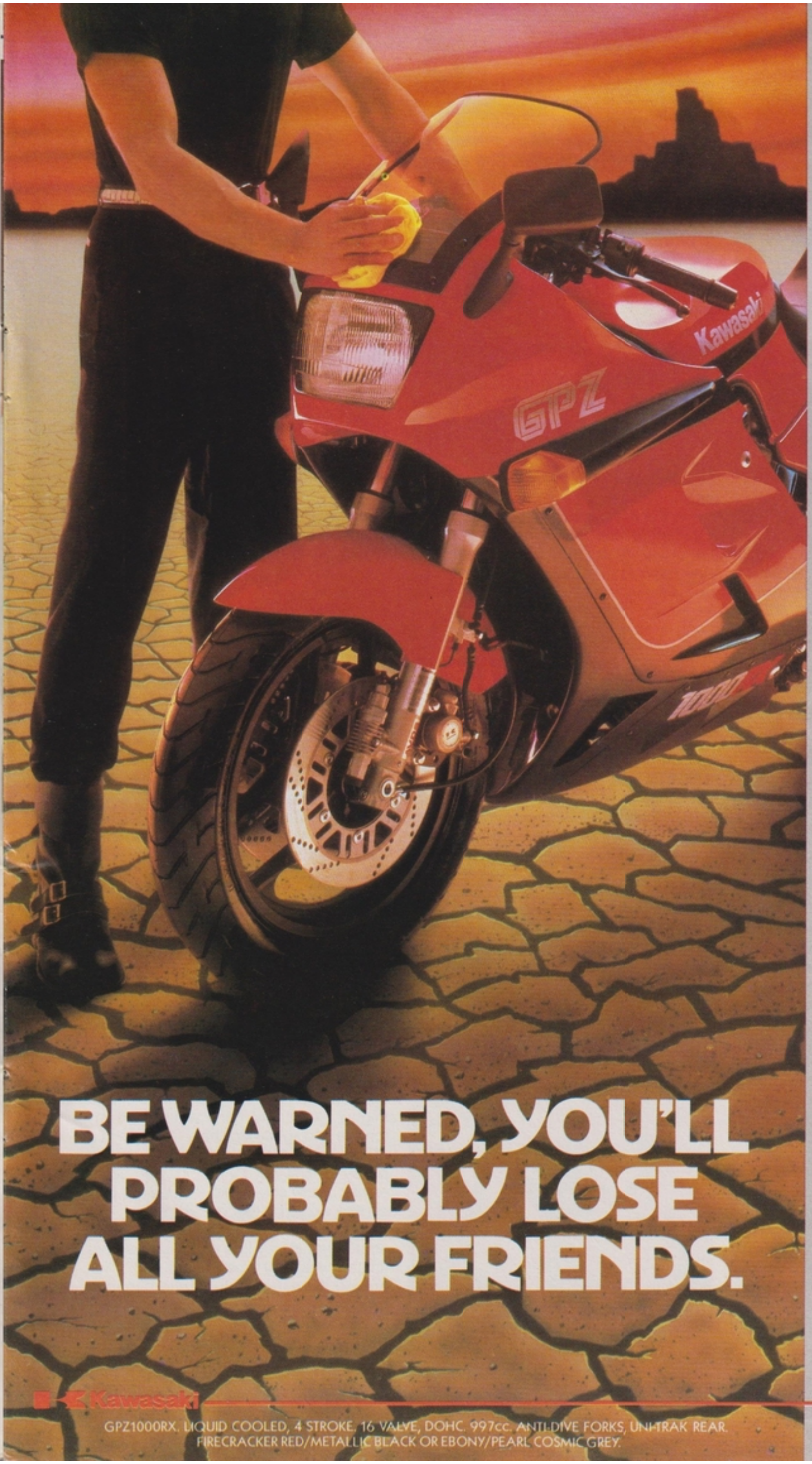
When I finally started to subside, her hand moved from my balls up to my cock, holding it gently. This made my cock ooze up a little more come, and it fell into her hand. She leaned over and licked just the head of it, getting a little come on her tongue. 'Doesn't taste bad,' she said. I asked her to see if she could just put the head of it in her mouth. She hesitated, then said, 'What the hell,' and wrapped her lips around the head. I instructed her to suck it just a couple of times to see how it felt. This she did also. I know I had just come and my cock was semi-hard now, but the sight of Kate sucking my cock was reviving me already, and I started to quiver as I got hard once again. But she let go and lay down on the bed, saying, 'Maybe next time, Lou, I'll try a little harder.'

At this point, I accepted what was happening, and decided not to push her. Then I said, 'We're going to take a shower together aren't we?' She replied, 'I don't know. Why?' I then fell on top of her and we rubbed my come all over our bodies, almost sliding off each other a couple of times. Well, we took our shower, and later on, right before we got dressed, I held her tightly and kissed her, my hard-again cock slipping between her legs. Her thighs held it tightly as we started in-and-out motions, and in about a minute she stopped saying, 'No, not that please.' She then explained that what we did was cheating and she realised it, but to make love was something she just couldn't do.

Since that day, we've had a few meetings with each other. I've eaten her an average of once a week, and she loves it more every time. She has gotten to sucking me off, but she's not willing to swallow my come as yet. She just licks a little off afterward. She is working on it, and with a wonderful girl like Kate, I can be very patient. I am more than 30 years older than Kate, but when we are together, I feel like a teenager again, and only she can do that to me.

Once at a party with friends and relatives, she and I just danced just about every slow dance together, and being very careful not to let anyone we were with see us, ground our pelvises together every chance we got. I had a hard-on at least half the night. When we were finally alone for a couple of minutes, I slid my hand under the table and up between her legs very quickly, and started rubbing her clit.

At first, she smiled and said to stop it.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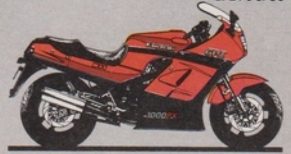


WHO CAN CATCH A KAWASAKI?

FORUM

Then all of a sudden her smile disappeared, and her hand reached down and grabbed mine, pushing it tightly against her gash. Her thighs tightened around my hand, and she experienced an orgasm that almost made her yell out. It took only 30 seconds altogether, but it was one of the sexiest moments I've ever experienced. A little later, when we were dancing again, she whispered that she was all wet, and wished that I could lick her dry.

I don't know what will happen in the future, but right now I'm enjoying a wonderful oral sex life with a very beautiful woman, even if she is my neighbour's wife. — *L.C., Dorchester*

FOUR'S COMPANY

Recently, my girlfriend Jeneane and I made our first trip to the Lake District! We are both nature freaks, so the thought of spending some time in such a raw setting really charged us with anticipation.

Our first day in the area our car overheated. Luckily, we spotted a van parked about a quarter of a mile down the road and decided to walk for some help. When we got to the van, it was empty. We heard loud laughter coming from behind some large rocks. Jeneane and I decided to investigate. Behind the shady boulders, we were surprised to find a middle-aged, grey-bearded man photographing a gorgeous naked redhead. The girl had her legs spread and was rubbing a red flower over her pussy.

I couldn't believe my eyes or ears. The photographer spotted us and invited us over. He identified himself as John; his model's name was Lisa. We told him that we were sorry to interrupt, but our car had broken down. He said he'd be glad to help us out if we chipped in with the pictures. Jeneane nuzzled close to me and nodded yes.

John said 'Great!' He handed me the Nikon and started to strip. His ample cock bulged out beyond his tan, as he hurried to join the model. John positioned himself on a smooth rock and wrapped his burly arms around Lisa's waist, drawing her straight down on his cock. She gasped with pleasure; I snapped the camera. John's thrusts became more violent as Lisa squeezed her tight juicy cunt around his organ. With each click of the camera, my cock swelled. Suddenly I heard Jeneane moan. I turned and saw Jeneane with her jeans unzipped, feverishly fingering her clit. John signalled that he wanted her to join the fun. Leaving a trail of clothes behind her, Jeneane joined him.

John told the girls that he wanted to play 'doggies' and asked them to get down on all fours. I moved closer to get better shots of the action as John alternated porking the two girls, but I ran out of film. Jeneane yelled, 'What are you waiting for!' Quickly, I joined the group, taking my turn at the foaming pussies. John then decided to stay with Jeneane, as I went for broke, driving my dick deeper and deeper into Lisa. John and Jeneane howled with pleasure as they came together. Then with one final plunge, I shot my jism, feeling Lisa's muscles bear down.

After ending an afternoon chock-full of similar delights, we finally did get around to fixing the car. We plan to return again next year. — *T.G., Walsall*

TELECOME

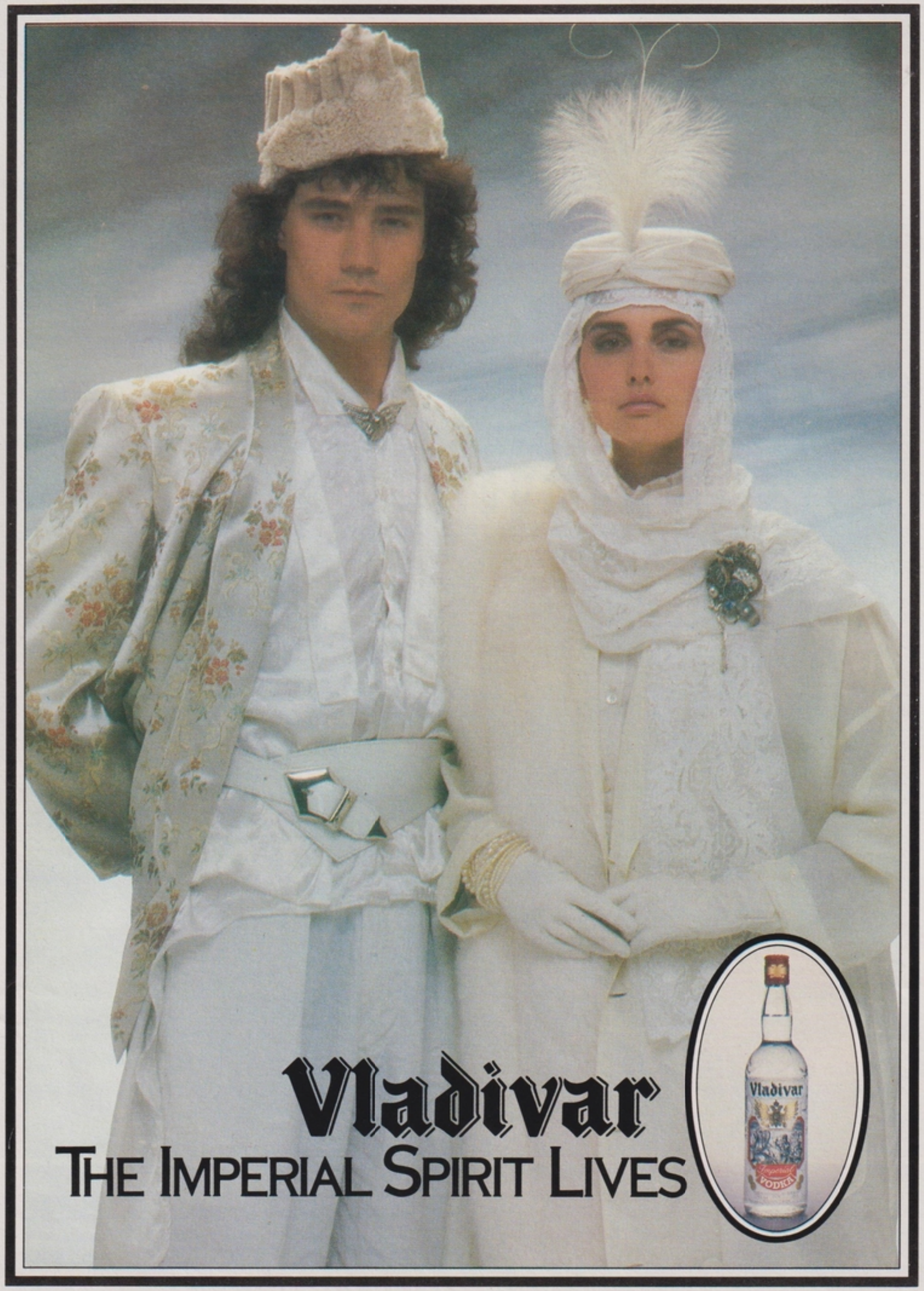
I've enjoyed your column over the years and read of many different types of sexual encounters. My story is, perhaps, a bit different. For over ten years I have been having a sexual affair with a woman I have not touched. Our relationship has been truly a 'long-distance love affair.'

I work at a job which frequently leaves my evenings free with little to do. It is on such evenings that our little 'tryst' takes place. As she lives several hundred miles from me, our affair takes place over the phone. When I call we usually spend a few minutes discussing what's new and exchanging small talk, but the tone and the mood soon change.

I first have her describe where she is and what she is wearing to help spark my imagination. Once fired, however, I take the situation in hand. She is most often lying in her bed totally naked. She tells me how her nipples are erect and her pussy is wet in anticipation. I begin by describing the setting where our encounter is taking place. Last night we fantasised we were in a hotel, in a room where we could allow the curtains to remain open, as no one could see in. The room was totally dark, but I blindfolded her and put earphones on her so she could not hear or see what was about to take place. I then tied her hands to the head of the bed and her feet to the sides, spreading her legs as far as I could. I started by massaging her from the feet up working with the tips of my fingers in small circles, using a warm, fragrant oil.

I told her how I would carefully avoid her pussy, but would take special care to massage her nipples. By now, I could hear her soft moans over the phone as she began to stoke her breasts and thighs. I next told her I would take my tongue and lightly flick her clit with the tip of it. I would blow gently on her spread pussy — first hot then cold. She could envision how she would feel, as her only senses would be touch and smell.

I explained in great detail how I would stretch her pussy lips wide apart so her snatch was fully open and I could lick around the entrance to it. She began to breathe heavily as I told her about the large vibrator I was about to insert into her pussy. I told her how it would fill her to the limit. I said I would take her nipple and rub it into the slit on the end of my cock and allow the little drops of come to coat her



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nipples. I would take my cock and lightly rub it on her mouth and let her taste my passion. Then I would stop and leave her, the vibrator shoved deep inside her. I would not return for several minutes, until she had brought herself to orgasm.

By now, Sue was in the throes of a deep orgasm, her yelps of delight coming over the phone. Finally, I began to describe how I would slowly screw her, inserting a little of my cock at a time and increasing the depth with each stroke. Sue now had her own vibrator shoved deep into her cunt and a finger on her clit, fucking herself to another orgasm.

This was only the start. By the end of our session I had talked her into five more orgasms. Someday, perhaps, we will have the chance to act out our fantasies. But until then I'll just enjoy my long-distance telephone love affair. — *S.H., Chelmsford*

HOKEY POKEY

About three months ago, four of us who work for the same company decided to form a poker club. We play one night a week and rotate each week to another house. Our stakes are not high. That way no one wins or loses much. The host furnishes the refreshments, which are generally served by his wife. We are all married and none of the women like to play poker. We play on Thursday nights and usually start at 7.30 and stop at ten. This gives us a chance to get to bed at a reasonable hour because we work on Friday.

One night we were playing at Sam and Martha's house. They have a one-bedroom flat and a four-year-old daughter who sleeps in the bedroom with them. That night when Martha came into the kitchen to serve us some food and drink, she had changed from what she was wearing when we first arrived. Now she had on a pair of skintight shite shorts that revealed more than they hid. Above the waist she had on a peasant blouse that must have been three sizes too large for her, and when she would bend over us serving our plates, the blouse would drop down enough for us to see all of her down to her toes. She was very deliberate and slow in her actions to give us ample time to get a good look.

About 9.15 Martha quit the living room and went into the bedroom and we reluctantly turned our attention to the cards again. But in about ten minutes, she returned — this time with a short terry-cloth robe on that reached about midway to her thighs and tied around her waist. This was Sam's cue to tell us Martha had something to suggest. Although we had no idea what it was, we all answered together, 'Go ahead.' She untied the sash and let the robe fall open to reveal that charming body with nothing hiding it. She said that to spice up the evening, she thought we could play the last hand for 30 minutes' time with her. The winner would get the 30 minutes with her to do anything he wanted and she would get the pot. We jumped at the chance. We also decided that the next hand would be the last hand; nobody wanted to wait. Martha just giggled.

Our pots usually don't amount to much over £3, but this time everyone had to say — and when Jerry won there was £25 in the pot. 'Lucky bastard,' Bill and I said, and Sam just grinned while Jerry immediately jumped up and asked, 'Where will we do this?' Martha had Sam get a rollaway bed from the closet and opened it right in the living room, saying that if they went into the bedroom, they would wake the baby. By now Martha had dropped the robe to the floor. What a sight that was! Bill and I could only leer. Sam poured himself another drink, Bill, and me, and we turned our chairs to face the bed.

Jerry had already taken his clothes off and had a partial hard-on when he lay down on the bed. Martha immediately took his cock in her mouth and began to do tricks with it. She licked it and played with his balls while Jerry moaned and Martha turned her arse to us so we could see her pussy. In a matter of seconds Jerry told her he wanted to put it in, and Martha rolled over and spread her legs wide. Jerry mounted her and started pumping. First long strokes, then short ones, and then back to long ones while Martha's legs wound tighter and tighter around his back. Martha just moaned and hung on while Jerry bounced that bed until we thought it would collapse. After he shot his load he rolled off Martha, and she asked Sam to get her a towel from the bathroom.

Jerry said he would like to have a drink while he rested a minute, and Martha came into the kitchen to get him one. We watched that cute little bit of fluff walking toward us and our hard cocks felt as though they would split the skin. As she

passed me by she said, 'You can touch, Bobby,' as she swung her tits in my face. I reached up and grabbed a handful with one hand and her pussy with the other one. She purred a little, and Jerry said I was on his time, so she went to the refrigerator and got his beer.

Jerry hadn't taken but a couple of swallows of beer before Martha had his cock in her mouth again. When she got him hard again, he took her from the rear, doggy-fashion. He fucked her and fucked her, and she kept saying, 'I love it, I love to fuck.' Finally, she told him she was worked up enough if he wanted to come in her mouth. Jerry liked the idea and she took his slick, hard cock in her mouth almost to the hilt. When he exploded in her mouth, she swallowed every drop of come enthusiastically. Then she took the towel into the bathroom, telling us she was going to clean up and for us not to go away. Sam just smiled knowingly.

After a few minutes, Martha returned to the bedroom, jumped onto the bed, and motioned Bill to join her, then she said, 'You too, Bobby.' I was up like a shot and had my clothes off as quickly as Bill did. She was on her back and I put my cock in her pussy while she moaned, and Bill put his dick in her mouth. Jerry was spent for the moment and just lay there. Sam sat at the table and took it all in.

After a few minutes, Martha said she would like for Bill and me to change places. So I slowly pulled out of her pussy and stuck my cock in her mouth while Bill started banging her pussy. A few minutes more and we both came. My wife will let me come in her mouth sometimes, but she will never swallow it. So it was a real treat for me to see Martha not only swallowing that load but really enjoying it.

My wildest fantasy could not have prepared me for that first night. We only play poker at Sam and Martha's now, and we only play one hand a night. And we play that one as soon as we get there.
— B.M., Bury St Edmunds

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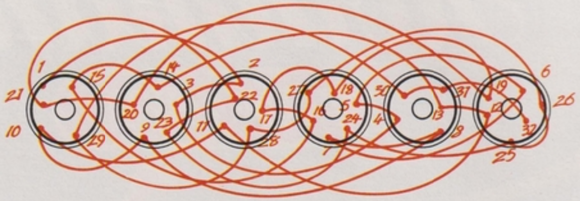

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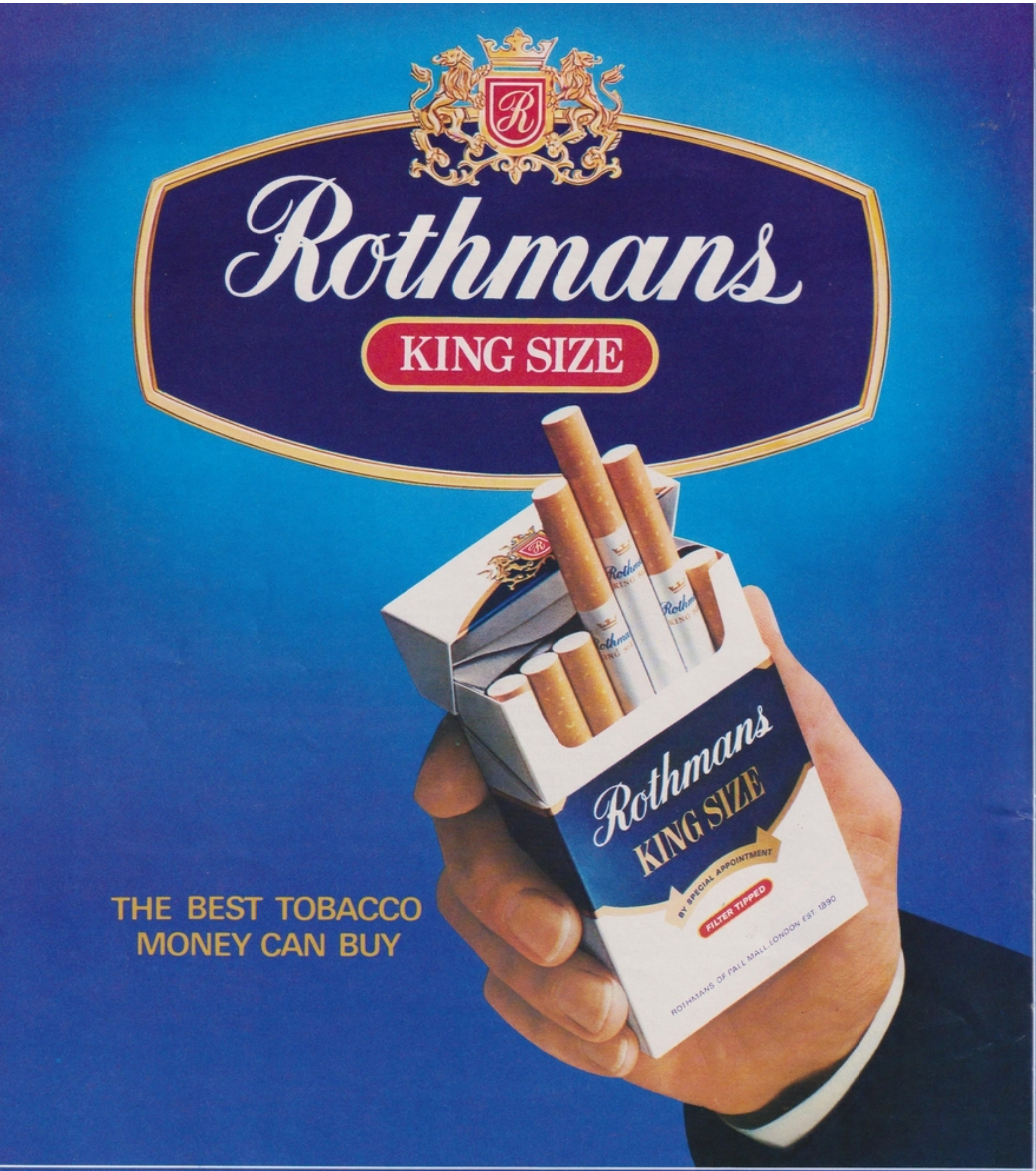

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

FILMS

Absolute Bananas. *You either love it, hate it or have a lot of money invested in it. Above left, Patsy Kensit is Crepe Suzette — the flirt in a skirt and, right, Vendice Partners (David Bowie) teaches Colin (Eddie O'Connell) how to sell dreams*

ABSOLUTELY NICE

'One day', mused Colin Macinnes' unnamed and movie-hating hero, 'they'll make movies about the fabulous fifties.' No-one ever bothers with the rest of the paragraph, about how seedy it really was back then, how on the surface it *looked* nice.

Absolute Beginners looks nice. Trouble is, it's been cleaned up so much it's nice all through.

London in the late fifties: for the first time in history, the kids have got the loot and they're living for kicks; the socks are pink, jazz is in the air, somebody's coined the word 'teenager', someone else is stomping down to Notting Hill to beat up the blacks, and somewhere in the background a number of film financiers sit, holding their breath, hoping that *Absolute Beginners* is going to make them money.

And of course it is. How could it fail? But it could have been a better film. . .

It's a primary-colour, comic-book world that Julien Temple had built on the backlot (half of Soho and three streets around Notting Hill), filled with charming people who sing and dance at the drop of a clapperboard. But it has its problems. . .

Colin, teenage photographer, loves Suzette (played by Patsy Kensit, who deserves oblivion as a singer/actress but doesn't look that bad), who is getting married to Henley (James Fox) who has a business deal with Vendice (David Bowie, in immaculate form and excellent voice) which involves hiring sundry teds and thugs to start the Notting Hill race riots in order to build a modernistic housing development on the site. (A conspiracy theory doubtless cooked up in order not to upset anyone.)

Most of the best parts are little more than cameos: Ray Davies and Mandy Rice Davies, as Colin's parents; Lionel Blair as a paedophiliac record promoter; even Bowie himself. . .

I didn't dislike all of it, but I *was* disappointed. I wanted it to be better. I didn't want to see something that wound up cut into the shape of the film of the soundtrack album, the film of the rock video (though the camerawork and direction look less like rock video and more like quality commercial). I wanted to see the film that Temple obviously wanted to make; the film of Colin Macinnes' haunting book, *Absolute Beginners*.

There was a time when the name Steven Spielberg meant something, when it guaranteed something special. Perhaps it still does, when he makes the films himself (we'll know more when *The Colour Purple* is released, later in the year). But there seems no guarantee that a film on which Spielberg acted as executive pro-

Films

ducer will be any good at all: witness last year's appalling *Goonies*, and the new 'Steven Spielberg presents' title, **Young Sherlock Holmes and the Pyramid of Fear**.

The magic of Sherlock Holmes, as created by Conan Doyle, was his deduction, his brilliance, the remarkable 'I see that you are a retired marine with psittacosis and a penchant for cheap throat pastilles, come to tell me your life has been threatened by a bearded woman with a humped back. . .' quality the man had. Young Sherlock, on the other hand, could as well be Young Indiana Jones for all it matters.

The plot, and the set pieces, are all Spielbergian as well: an evil Egyptian Death Cult are bumping off a number of elderly Victorian gents, by means of a hallucinogenic drug which gives them rather vivid nightmares; young Sherlock gets caught up in all this and, accompanied by a comic relief cream-cake stuffing young Watson, has an exciting adventure, during which he accumulates a Delta Force, led by Lee Marvin, and consisting of Chuck Norris and other people.

Holmes Sweet Holmes

It's a tacky and tasteless film that cashes in on last year's Beirut hostage crisis in a singularly stupid fashion. With no attempt to so much as point out that the Beirut scene is hellishly complicated, it comes across as an overacted piece of US/Israeli propaganda. (Films like this and *Rambo* make me wonder whether there is some basic need in the American psyche to make films about every national disaster they've had, in which they send in a Chuck Norris or a Stallone to single-handidly change the course of history.)

All the cast overact horrendously, except for Norris and Marvin. Marvin is too busy trying to stand up and talk at the same time, and Norris never acted in any of his previous pics, and isn't going to start now.

However, Cannon have also released a film that is actually worth watching. **Runaway Train** is a suspenseful, excellently acted tale of two escapees from a maximum security prison. John Voight plays the tough con, Manny, whose escape was part of the ongoing war betwen himself and Ranken, the prison governor. Buck, the other con, idolises Manny, and insists on coming along. The two men hide in an old freight train, but the driver suffers a heart attack, the train becomes a runaway, and the two men are trapped with Sara, a railway worker. Have the men exchanged one prison for another, or will the train give them freedom of a sort?

Runaway Train has a bleak and documentary feel to it;

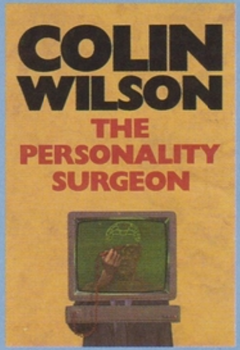
Cannon have a reputation for turning out money-making schlock. Just occasionally a good film slips out, almost accidentally, but normally you get something like **The Delta Force**. Directed by Cannon boss Menahem Golan, it is an uneasy mongrel of a movie — *Airport '86* meets *Wild Geese*. When a couple of drooling Lebanese hijackers take over an American flight from Greece to New York, forcing it to land in Beirut, and keeping all the men hostage the president sends in (daa-daa!) Manny, the con, and Rankin, the Governor, are presented almost as forces of nature, diametrically opposed, on a collision course just like the runaway train. While not an altogether comfortable experience, *Runaway Train* was by far the most satisfying of this month's films. — GM ●

Words

KILLER THRILLERS

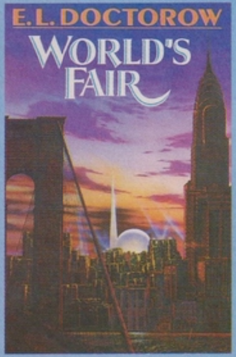
During the course of a recent interview, Patricia Highsmith — doyen of writers about murder and obsession — told me that she believes murderers have unsatisfactory sex lives. Judging by a clutch of espionage thrillers which have appeared in the past weeks, it's possible to extend Ms Highsmith's theory to cover spies, secret agents, spooks (call them what you will) whose sexual shenanigans often appear decidely unconventional, usually distinctly unsatisfactory.

In Bryan Forbes' **The Endless Game** (Collins, £10.95), British agent Alec Hillsden has a marriage without any physical comforts, the assassin he is tracking gets gratification from slaughtering his sexual partners, and the highly-placed 'mole' is a doppleganger for Anthony Blunt. Magnus Pym — in John le Carré's **A Perfect Spy** (Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95) — has a seemingly happy marriage which he can abandon with consummate ease when he takes on a second identity in which he has contact only with an elderly and eccentric landlady; the KGB agent in George Markstein's **Soul Hunters** (Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95) is perfectly happy to become entangled with a beautiful actress — only to use her for purposes of a massive misinformation trick to be played upon the Americans, and in Colin Wilson's **The Personality Surgeon** (New English Library, £10.95), Dr Charlie Peruzzi (surely destined — ultimately — to be hijacked into the secret services) is most attracted to nubile young girls. Nothing straightforward about the bedroom mentality of any of them. . .



And — as if all this fiction isn't enough to set us worrying — there's the factual accounts like John Dyson's **Sink the Rainbow!** (Gollancz, £8.95), subtitled 'An enquiry into the Greenpeace Affair'. This brisk and no-nonsense account of the sinking of peace ship Rainbow Warrior in Auckland Harbour by French agents is a timely reminder that allies can no more be trusted than enemies.

From her first novel — *Strangers on a Train*, filmed by Hitchcock — Patricia Highsmith has shown herself a master (mistress?) of writing about individuals whose obsessions can, and frequently do, turn into violence and murder. Far more than a thriller writer, Ms Highsmith is a novelist who has brilliantly analysed the workings of the human mind and illuminated the bizarre quirks of fate that can turn an ordinary person into a criminal. Her latest — **Found in the Street** (Heinemann, £9.95) — is set in the Soho area of Manhattan and centres around the loss of a cash and credit card filled wallet and the harassment suffered by the owner when it is found and returned by an honest but cranky elderly man. Cunningly contrasting well-heeled and socially mobile Jack Sutherland (owner of the wallet) and eccentric and down-at-heel Ralph Linderman (finder of the wallet), Highsmith creates a sequence of acceptable and disturbing obsessions centreing on a beautiful young girl, happy with Jack who can help her, alarmed and annoyed by Ralph who has nothing to offer. And when murder intrudes — from off-field, as it were — obsession menaces both men. *Found in the Street* is a masterful novel, gripping, thrilling, and excitingly chilling.



Perhaps Patricia Highsmith's most famous and enduringly popular creation is Tony Ripley, the amoral, sexually ambiguous hero of a quartet of novels, three of which (*The Talented Mr Ripley*, *Ripley Under Ground*, *Ripley's Game*) have just been reprinted in one fat volume, **The Mysterious Mr Ripley** (Penguin, £4.95). Endlessly charming, increasingly sophisticated, Ripley's murders take him from relative poverty to comfortable riches and though we, the readers, *know* we shouldn't applaud or endorse his killings we find ourselves batting on *his* side as he outwits co-conspirators and the police and survives to slay again. The Ripley novels are an unmissable treat. . .

Cash — sloshed around like water in a bath-tub — is the central obsession of John Self, the overweight, porn obsessed producer of television commercials who narrates Martin Amis's scaberously funny **Money** (Penguin, £2.95). Coke-sniffing, booze-swilling Self lurches from one self-disgusted binge to another as he ricochets between London and New York and one disastrous sexual encounter after another. A book of the eighties, *Money* is a distorting mirror, a latter day *Pilgrim's Progress* which stunningly reflects a selfish and self-obsessed world.

NOT IN VAIN
GERALD GREEN

H S Bharbra's **Gestures** (Michael Joseph, £9.95) is a slow, reflective novel written from the point-of-view of an eighty-three year old career diplomat looking back over his life, his involvement with events at the fringes of history and his friendship with a mysterious Jewish intellectual.

Childhood in New York in the Thirties is memorably evoked in E L Doctorow's **World's Fair** (Michael Joseph, £9.95); *Rambo* author David Morrell returns to the world of international terrorism and mercenaries in the gripping **The Fraternity of the Stone** (New English Library, £9.95); former District Attorney for Boston, George V Higgins offers another of his enthralling and well-informed studies of crime, criminals, law and the law-makers in **The Judgement of Deke Hunter** (Robinson, £3.95); technology as an aid to crime is the theme of James Follet's highly readable **Swift** (Methuen, £10.95) and *Holocaust* author Gerald Green focuses on student deaths and police corruption in **Not in Vain** (New English Library, £9.95).

And finally, anyone thinking of visiting France over the coming months would be well-advised to equip themselves with a copy of Kate Baillie, Tim Salmon and Andrew Sanger's **The Rough Guide to France** (Routledge & Kegan Paul, £5.95), a chunky and comprehensive volume, latest in an invaluable series which contains the information found in standard guides — PB ●

BIKINI LINES

Lots of us like bikinis, because when women wear them you can see lots of their naked flesh. It seemed a simple, but good reason to us.

Now, though, things are a bit more complicated, thanks to **The Bikini** a new book by Pedro Silmon (Virgin £9.99). According to Pedro, 'No man can be said to have invented the bikini, for it is more emotion than notion, more gesture than garment.' Stone me.

Never mind, along with Pedro's pregnant prose there are lots and lots of pictures of nice looking women wearing bikinis which range in size from the pretty substantial to the quite invisible. As Ped might have said, 'Using a strongly visual format challenges our emotive preconceptions of female garment rationales and is dead horny.' — SB ●

THE
Bikini
PRESENTED BY
PEDRO SILMON

Video

KILLING TIME

Is Grace Jones actually talented, or is she simply the ultimate manifestation of leisure product built according to form rather than content? I wondered thusly as I watched — well, sat through — **A View To A Kill** (Warner Home Video), the latest addition to the increasingly tattered James Bond legend, in which Gracie plays a truculent minder-cum-assassin called May Day. And plays her part, it must be said, without even the barest glimmer of a doubt that her haircut, closely followed by her bod, will see her through even the most demanding of roles. Which this, of course, is not.

It's just as well, I suppose, that she doesn't rely solely on her gifts as an actress: the few times here when she's expected to transcend the merely decorative, she displays all the restraint and subtlety of the Chicago Bears defensive line, bugging her eyes out and spitting her words — of which there are, surprisingly, quite a few more than the made to measure 'Yah!' she almost coped with in *Conan The Destroyer*, her first almost-speaking part.

The most surprising thing about *A View To A Kill* is how cheap it all looks. I thought they frittered huge amounts of moolah on Bondage these days, but if so, they've managed to disguise it pretty well here.

A View To A Grace

Video

The script is leaden, the action barely deserving of the term, and the final show-down atop the Golden Gate Bridge, incorporating an airship, contrived and dull. Or maybe it's just that that after two hours of ho-hum action, anything less than armageddon is a let-down.

Still, at least *A View To A Kill* has a focus, something which seems to have escaped Bill Murray and co-writer and director John Byrum completely in **The Razor's Edge** (*RCA/Columbia*). Byrum, who made a lovely picture with Nick Nolte and John Heard called *Heartbeat* (about the relationship between the writer Jack Kerouac and his buddy Neal Cassady), has utterly lost his bearings here, and allowed Murray — best known as a comic actor in *Stripes* and *Ghostbusters* — to give full rein to a personal obsession, that of turning Somerset Maugham's book of the same title into a film. *The Razor's Edge* is one of those books commonly believed to be unfilmable, and Byrum & Murray have certainly proved that to be the case with their limp, unengrossing treatment of a story which mingles war, death and eastern mysticism in equal parts.

The major fault here is that we're never made to care about the central character (Murray), or about the stupid quest for self which takes him from the good life of the American idle rich to the battlefields of World War One, to the coalmines of France, to the garretts of Paris, to a Tibetan monastery — and all the way back. It's Murray's first out-and-out serious role, and he's not yet learned to suppress his natural humour enough for the film to work, although he's always watchable and in fact gives the film its few lifts, maybe accidentally.

'You're under a vest.' Kurt Russell gets mean in The Mean Season

Don't Dance With A Stranger.

Of the supporting case, Theresa Russell — be still, my heart! — is never really pushed as a doomed acquaintance of Murray's, and Denholm Elliott is. . . well, Denholm Elliott. As always.

It's often difficult to fathom onscreen relationships, unless they're crafted with the wisdom and precision of a Woody Allen. Take, as a case in point, that of ace investigative reporter Kurt Russell and his main squeeze Mariel Hemingway in **The Mean Season** (Orion). Why big-city boy Kurt should stay with a woman who keeps nagging him to give up his career and become a small-town reporter is quite beyond me, but we'll let that pass. The plot is the old Hollywood standby, used everywhere from *No Way To Treat A Lady* to *Lou Grant*, of the reporter used as publicist by a psycho killer, who phones him after every murder. In this case, however, it's never adequately explained why he should wish to do this, or what he expects to achieve — other than capture.

Mariel Hemingway, who underwent silicone injection treatment to make her boobs big enough to play murdered centrefold Dorothy Stratton in the excellent *Star 80*, has 'matured' into something rather less desirable in *The Mean Season*, a shrewish housewife seemingly jealous of her husband's fame and success, and perpetually undermining him. I got so sick of her that when the loony killer phoned Kurt to tell him, yes, his wife's next, I swear I cheered.

The relationship in **Dance With A Stranger** (CBS/Fox) is all the more bizarre and inexplicable for being based in truth. Young upper-class tosser David Blakely (Rupert Everett) falls hopelessly in lust with platinum-blonde nightclub hostess (ie, tart) Ruth Ellis (Miranda Richardson), but is too busy being an insufferable little jerk to treat her right. Ultimately, she shoots him, becoming the last woman hanged in Britain, for what the continentals might well consider a *crime passionel.*

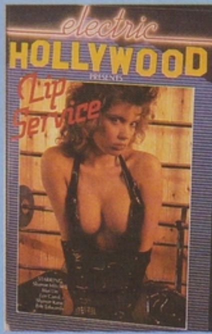
Skillfully directed by Mike Newell, and featuring a bravura performance by Miranda Richardson, who brings a similar squeaky coquettishness to this role as she does to Good Queen Bess in Blackadder II, the film nevertheless depressed me considerably. This, I think, is mainly due to the supposedly accurate '50s ambience achieved by Newell: the 50s was the grimmest, least inspiring decade in British history, lacking in all the positive, hopeful aspects of those times that found expression in the American culture of rock 'n' roll, custom cars, and drive-in movies. The British '50s were mean and stingy, dour and colourless, and anyone wanting a good time was forced into the *demi-monde* of Soho drinking clubs and tawdry tease-bars. Ruth Ellis, as she's presented here, wanted a good time, and went all out to get it; Blakely it seems, wouldn't know a good time if it bit him on the bum, and Everett plays him as mean-spirited, selfish and spiteful even when he's racing his car and doing all the other things the idle rich find so boring. I cheered again when he caught this.

Tuff Turf. *Absolutely nothing to do with artificial football pitches.*

Sweet Dreams

And I cheered again when Nick, head bad dude in **Tuff Turf** (CBS/Fox), finally stiffed out, too. Basically a new-kid-in-town teen angst epic in the mould of *Rebel Without A Cause* and *The Karate Kid*, *Tuff Turf's* main difference lies in the rather excessive amount of violence poured into the mould. Needless to say, I enjoyed it immensely. Morgan Hiller (James Spader) is the new kid in question, and he immediately falls foul of the Tuffs, Nick's gang, when he interrupts their mugging of a middle-aged man. He compounds this transgression further when he latches on to Nick's girlfriend, the divine Frankie (Kim Richards), who has hair right down to her perfectly-formed bum.

Now, some bums are worth going through hell and high water for, and Morgan obviously feels Frankie's is one such. He suffers a variety of common-or-garden assaults, insults, and grievous bodily harmings, plus a particularly vicious beating in the school changing rooms, where, fresh from a shower, he's whipped with towels containing padlocks and sundry other chunky metal objects. Not nice, in spades. Still, he keeps after Frankie, apparently oblivious to the danger, and — of course — wins her heart, hair and perfectly-formed bum eventually, just in time to get pulped again.



Lip Service. *A rude film about making a rude film*

Finally, a couple more from the Electric Hollywood stable, at least one of which, **Lip Service,** is a thoroughbrec classic. Directed by Henri Pachard, one of the small group of porn directors able to make movies that transcend the medium — the others include *auteurs* Gerard Damiano, Alex DeRenzy, the Mitchell Brothers and Radley Metzger (aka Henry Paris) — *Lip Service* stars Eric Edwards as famous documentary director Harry Crocker, on his uppers and forced to go back to making porno flicks again.

The only trouble is, Harry's prim, slightly frigid wife Miriam isn't at all happy about Harry shooting his flick in their apartment, especially when he gets a little involved with his work. She hovers on the edge of scenes like a spiteful prude, looking down her nose and generally making everyone uncomfortable. Still, Harry perseveres. People keep telling him 'it's only a movie,' but to him it's become much more. Pachard knows it take a special kind of passion to make a skinflick that's erotic and arousing rather than just pornographic, and here he's endowed Harry with that passion, giving us a glimpse of how much personal investment — emotional, spiritual — can be sunk into something usually considered simply exploitative.

Lip Service does for porno what Truffaut's *Day For Night* does for mainstream cinema: it's an affectionate look at the mechanics of making movies, the various persuasive techniques necessary to keep the production on the rails. There are lots of humorous touches to it, too: the actress who takes her gum out seconds before shooting an oral scene, the actor who has to keep himself hard between takes, and the director's pep-talk briefing which becomes a boxing-match intro — 'OK, and when I call 'Action', I want you to come out fucking!' And a few good jokes, too: 'Do you do Anal?' 'If the script justifies it.'

Most of all, though, Pachard never loses sight of his obligation to the viewer; *Lip Service* is affectionate, funny and an interesting insight into porno, but it's also hot as hell, particularly the scene involving Sharon Kane, as an up-'n'coming actress, Lee Carroll as the film's producer, and a gigantic strap-on dildo.

Sweet Dreams isn't really in the same league as *Lip Service,* but it's a creditable enough film nonetheless. Based on the enchanted mirror theme that's fuelled a thousand horror fantasies, it features Veronica Hart as the watcher who drifts further and further away from fiancé Jamie Gillis as she gets more into the mirrorworld.

Some of the fantasies depicted are a bit coy and hackneyed, such as the Civil War period fantasy, but things improve with time, progressing to a climatic wild-sex-club-orgy sequence, and finally to Veronica's (real-life) on-getting with a pair of chunky bodybuilders, during which she gets sucked into the mirror, there to act out future watchers' fantasies. It's a neat, circular ending, something of a rarity in porn, but personally I prefer the beginning, where Veronica and her best friend are discussing the fascinating subject of Olivia Newton-John's cunt (Veronica's friend claims to share the same gynaecologist). After much digression and distraction, Veronica finally pops the question:

'Well? What *is* it like?'

'Boring.'

Somehow, I doubt that. — AW●

Sounds

ELVIS IS DEAD!

It's hardly Gracelands revisited but Elvis Costello is no more. It may have been the pressure of constant adulation, it may have been adenoidal imbeciles called Russell Harty asking him why he chose the name Elvis seven years after he decided on the moniker. Whatever, Elvis Costello is dead and well and called Declan Patrick Aloysius Macmanus. Hence the new LP by the man with the golden pun is not credited to Elvis but **The Costello Show.** *King of America* (F Beat) is Declan McDeedpoll's finest album since *Imperial Bedroom,* some would even say *Get Happy*. From Kilburn skiffle to pining heartbleed balladry the album laughs and cries with, at and for you.

Elvis Costechnicolour — or is it?

Pain, as ever, rears its aching head with agonising frequency in both physical (*The Big Light*) and cerebral (*Indoor Fireworks*) forms while affection and anger are vented through the rock 'n' roll bombast of *Lovable* and the gentle celtic folk of *Little Palaces.* Rather than analyse each track individually I would recommend you buy the LP and do it yourself. It's caustic, compassionate, vitriolic and tender and it's almost an hour long. Declan Macmanus shouldn't only be crowned, he should be cannonised. St Declan might sound daft but he deserves it if only to justify that appalling beard.

Moving on with the ease of a Terry Wogan link we happen upon the **Cramps**' *A Date With Elvis* (Big Beat). As you've probably gues-

This month's View From The Top was compiled by Peter Burton, Adrian Deevoy, Tim Fennell, Andy Gill, and Gerry Musgrave.

Sounds

sed they're not talking about the Elvis we're talking about. But cheap schlock was always the **Cramps'** forté. Their other strong point was Bryan Gregory and he left ages ago.

Talk Talk may be desperately in need of a decent haircut but *The Colour Of Spring* (EMI), their first album for some 200 years, is thoroughly listenable if at times a trifle lush. They've always had potential to be a potientally good band. Even when they were known as 'that ugly bloke with the big ears' three years ago knocking out fine pop singles. Remember *Today* (not the newspaper, Eddie) and *It's My Life*? Course you do, and chances are you'll be able to hum *Life's What You Make It* and *Living In Another World* in three years time. This is what we who use technical musical terminology call 'a good tune', and there's no denying that Talk Talk can write one. The trouble is that they are overly prone to smothering their melodies in heaps of gunky synthesizer and swamps of echo in much the same way as Demis Roussos wore voluminous dresses to cover his gut.

Apart from Sir Les Patterson and the word 'chunder' very few good things have come out of the open prison we call Australia. But every now and again **The Go-Betweens** release an LP and for a moment you can almost feel yourself warming to the beery neanderthals. After what seems like endless years of experimentation The Go Betweens have finally perfected their quirky blend of jangling pop and tidy prose. *Liberty Belle and the Black Diamond Express* (Beggars Banquet) contains all the essential ingredients of a classic pop album.

Phranc
FOLKSINGER

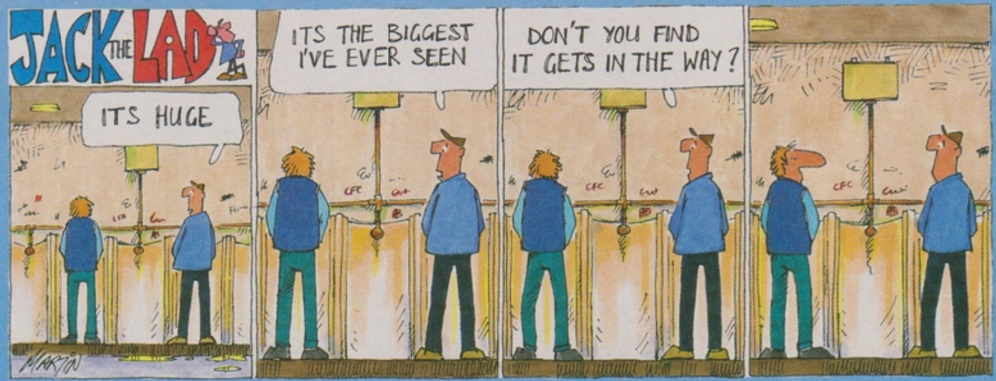
So who is this? Morrissey after a radical haircut? Billy Bragg after plastic surgery? No, in fact it isn't a man at all. Meet **Phranc** *New York's premier Jewish lesbian folk singer where Billie Jean King meets Woody Allen and howls Bob Dylan songs. Her debut album is out now unpredictably entitled* Folksinger *(Stiff) and it's a bit dull, Phrancly.*

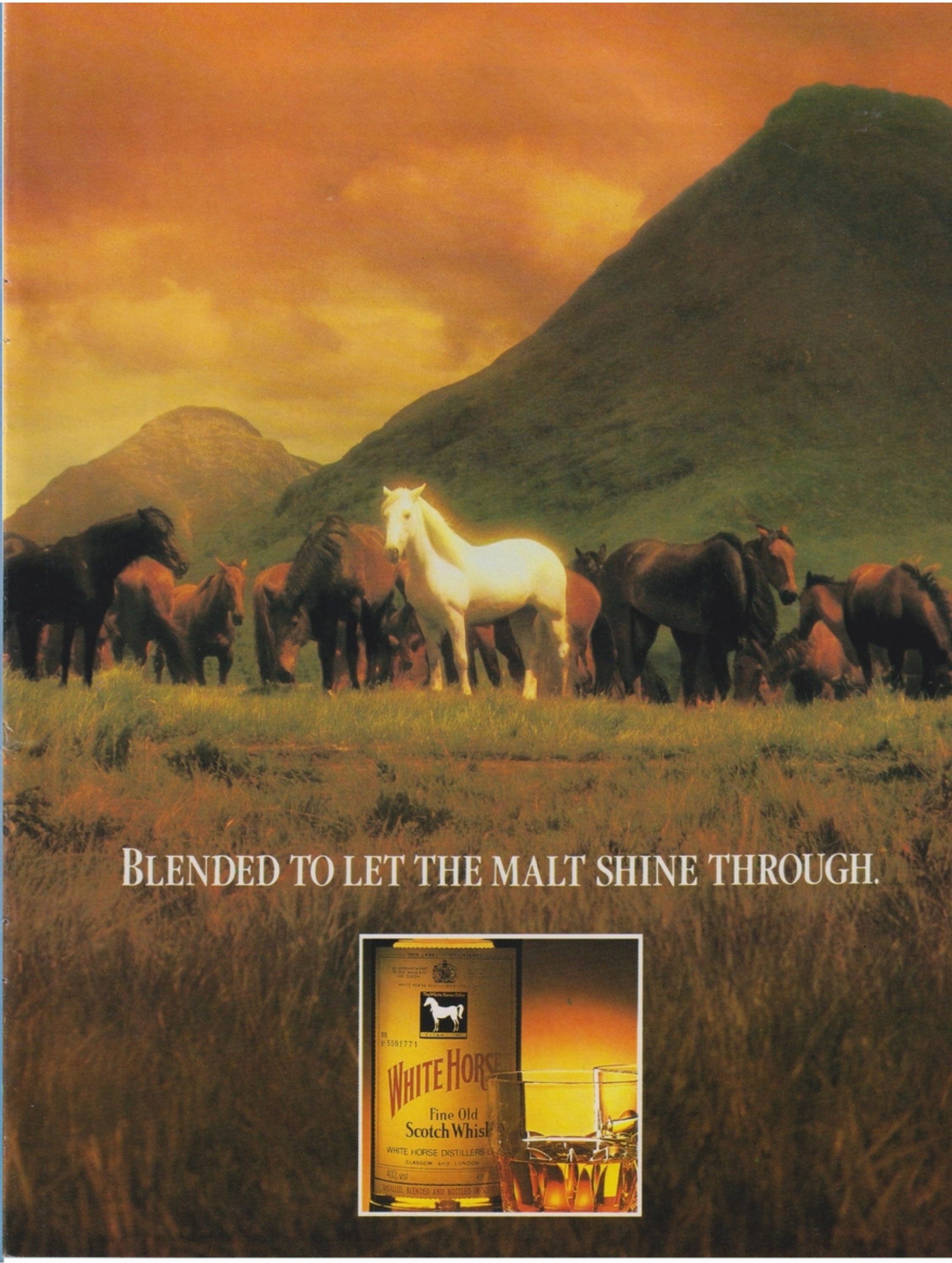
The Rolling Stones' *Dirty Work* (CBS) sounds very much like one would expect it to. Messrs Watts and Wyman lay the straightfaced foundation for Keith Richards' (who, incidentally needs a damn good ironing) ramshackle geetar while Michael Philip catawauls over the top.

Back in the world of young bucks doing it their way we find York's very own Rolling Stones, **The Redskins**. *Neither Washington Nor Moscow* (London) is as accessible musically as it is uncompromising politically. But if you like your sounds raw and soulful and your politics just to the left of Lenin then this could be just the album to shake your SWP membership to this year. Another excellent London release is the **Violent Femmes'** *The Blind Leading The Naked*. Milwaukee's lunatic three and their Horns of Dilemma, on the evidence produced on this, their best LP to date, appear to be rapidly losing their marbles but it all lends itself to gospel rockabilly *par excellence*. Buy the album if only for *Old Mother Reagan* and the photograph on the backsleeve.

The idea of a group called *Double* (pronounced Doo-blay, as they say) producing an LP of that type was very promising on paper, but unfortunately it's on vinyl and not all it could be. *Captain Of Her Heart* has a certain ethereal flake advertness to it but as is often the case with these foreign johnnies it is the best song on the album.

After all the Benny Hill guitar and Yehaw vocals have died down the one big comfort about country music is that its ballads are invariably magnificent. Most of the real howlalong tear jerkers have been rounded up for the *Sweet Dreams* (MCA) soundtrack and they gel together surprisingly well. Ideal for the post-pub maudlin period and even better for quiet evenings of slushy romance. — AD


JACK THE LAD
ITS HUGE
ITS THE BIGGEST I'VE EVER SEEN
DON'T YOU FIND IT GETS IN THE WAY?
CFC
MARTIN



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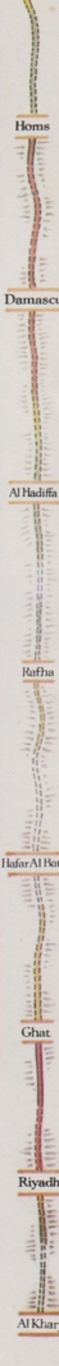
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MR. WHITTALL AND MR. EXTON FLEW 5,000 MILES TO PICK UP THEIR BMW K100RT'S.
THEY TOOK THE EASY WAY BACK.

When two Dorset born farmers, working in Saudi Arabia, decided to buy BMW K100RT's, it seemed natural to order them through their trusted local dealer.

In Dorset.

And why wait for them to be delivered when it was an easy matter to pick them up personally?

With any other bike, a 5,000 mile trip back from the dealer might have seemed daunting.

But not with a BMW.

So, in May 1985, they set off on possibly the most tiresome part of their journey; by plane from Riyadh.

Their trip back was much easier, and much more enjoyable.

5,104 miles across 10 countries in 10 days.

Tim Whittall had previously owned a BMW R100RT, so he knew what to expect.

Legendary reliability from a marque honed to near perfection over decades.

But with the K100RT he got even more.

K SERIES REFINEMENT

A light alloy, in-line, 4 cylinder engine which produces its fuel injected power with considerable refinement.

And the K100RT's 90bhp does not come in peaks or uncontrollable bursts. It's delivered smoothly across a wide rev range.

In fact, 80% of this torque is developed below 3,400 rpm for a speedy but relaxing ride across high mountain passes as well as on empty autobahns.

And it was on these fast German motorways that both riders appreciated the protection of a computer designed and wind tunnel tested fairing.

(A fairing which also reduced front wheel lift and increased adhesion on less than perfect Turkish B roads.)

UNIQUE SUSPENSION

This lightweight tourer also boasts a unique monolever suspension.

Its responsive action keeps the rear wheel on the ground for up to 40% longer than conventional systems.

And its resistance to flexing keeps the K100RT on the right line, regardless of road surface.

It also means that the rear wheel can be removed inside 3 minutes by undoing only 4 bolts.

Indeed, the engine can be removed by undoing only 5 bolts.

The BMW K100RT. Such a formidable touring machine that Messrs Whittall and Exton were prepared to fly out 'Economy' in order to return 'First Class'.

THE ULTIMATE RIDING MACHINE

THE BMW K100RT COSTS £4,988. THIS PRICE, CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS, INCLUDES TAX AND VAT. FOR DETAILS OF CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES AND THE NAME OF YOUR LOCAL BMW DEALER PLEASE WRITE TO: BMW INFORMATION SERVICE, PO BOX 46, HOUNSLOW, MIDDLESEX, OR TELEPHONE 01-897 6665 (LITERATURE REQUESTS ONLY). FOR TAX FREE SALES: 56 PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1. TELEPHONE 01-629 9277.

Foxy Music

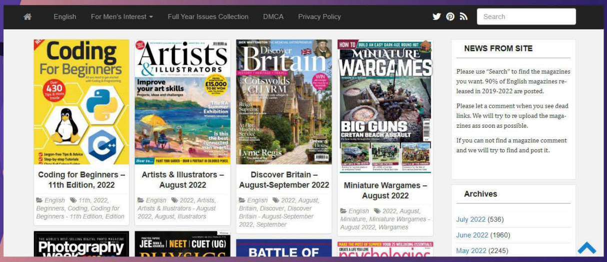
She's the BIGGEST pop star the charts have ever known, and she's asking every man in Britain to touch her in a banned, chart topping single. But will stardom change Sam? *Peter White* went behind the scenes to find out.

The Hippodrome was packed, sweaty, throbbing to a deep bass beat. It would have been like any other evening in London's top nightclub, apart from one thing: the nation's top sex symbol was about to appear on stage, to face the biggest test of her career. In just a few minutes, she would have to come out in front of a sceptical public and prove that, however good a model she may be, she could also be a singer.

She did it. Sam Fox on stage at the Hippodrome was a sensation: the raunchiest, hardest,

Lyrics to *Touch Me* sung by Samantha Fox printed by kind permission of Zomba Music Publishers Ltd. © 1986 Zomba Music Publishers Ltd.

'Touch me, touch me
I want to feel your body...
Moving in the city
The night was young
I was hungry for love
I was hungry for fun...'



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Samantha
Touch Me (I Want You

'This is the night
This is the time
We've got to get it right
Touch me, touch me
I want to feel your body
Your heart beat next to mine
Touch me, touch me
Now!'

sexiest live act the club had seen in months. Sam belted out *Touch Me,* jiving and shaking like a pro, her best-known claims to fame held in only by a buckle-front camisole. That night she proved to the world that, just as she told me at the beginning of her career, she's no dumb blonde: she's a *performer.*

But it was in the quieter surrounds of Battery studios, a north London recording outfit attached to her record company, Jive, that Sam had to make her new career. Chris Dunn, studio manager, was the man with the enviable job of overseeing Sam's recording schedule. He's seen hundreds of hopefuls come to the studio, but just a few go on to success. So what was his first impression of Sam, just a young model with almost no experience in the tricky and exhausting process of making a record?

'She was actually very confident, which was a bit surprising. A lot of people can get intimidated by the paraphernalia if they're not used to it. And it was nice working with someone with no ego problem — she's cheerful, she jokes a lot, she'll talk to and get on with anyone.

Foxy Music

I suppose you could say she's very . . . upfront!

'She's spent a hell of a lot of time here with her personal manager, not just doing the single but laying down stuff for the whole album. And I must say I was shocked by the fact that she's got a very reasonable voice. I don't know if she's had any training, but she sounds strong enough and she can definitely hold a tune.

'As for the single — well, it may not be my cup of tea, but it's definitely the perfect song for Sam. In fact it's a fairly old track: the original was written by Mark Shreeve, our answer to Jean Michel Jarre, some time ago, but it wasn't quite Mark's style so he didn't put it out. When we were looking for a song for Sam someone said 'Hey! What about Mark's track?' So we took it off the shelf, dusted it off, and tried it out — and Sam just made it burn when she tried it. We knew it was for her from the first note she sang!'

In fact, Sam's been singing since the cradle. 'I always entered talent shows and things, I always wanted to sing,' she says. 'I loved getting up on tables and just singing. I suppose I liked to be a show-off . . . but not so much that people *called* me a show-off! I knew when to stop, if you know what I mean.

That youthful exuberance is all very charming, but it's a big leap from schoolgirl show-off to pop star show-all. Because the truth is, it isn't Sam's legendary chest that has made her the only page three girl to achieve such fame. Marvellous though it may be, Sam's body isn't the only one its kind: there are plenty of girls out there built just the same. No, it's Sam's attitude that is unique. Ask anyone who's met her what they thought and the same words will come up time and time again. 'Cheerful . . . down to earth . . . unsnobbish . . . bright . . . fun . . . cheeky.'

Sam's appeal lies in the fact that she's an unspoiled, good-natured north London girl, and she *hasn't changed.*

When I interviewed her last year, Sam had her doubts about the pop world — more, in fact than she had about Fleet Street, the territory she knew.' The thing I find about all Fleet Street people is they're not like the music business or the film business. Those people are always trying to prove something. But the Fleet Street lot are really down to earth. They don't walk round in all these suave clothes, "look-I've-got-this-label", they're not like that. They're not bitchy like people in the pop business.'

Despite her doubts, she's thrown herself into a pop career (a little too literally, perhaps, at a recent video shoot where she fell from a trapeze almost into the arms of the waiting crowd.) She insisted on recording all the harmonies to *Touch Me* herself, ignoring record company advice that she should use backing singers on the track. 'It was really satisfying when I heard the finished product 'cos I knew it was all my own work.' She's achieved one of her greatest ambitions by appearing on her favourite TV show Top of the Pops, delivering the standout performance of the evening. She's done the round of local radio and TV programmes, including a spot on Joan Rivers' chat show in which she totally outsmarted the supposedly sharper-than-thou comedienne. Replying to a jibe about her boobs, she told Joan 'There are advantages. Christmas is great. I used to hang up my stocking at the end of the bed, but now I hang up my bra. So I get *loads* of presents.'

Sam herself, at the top of the charts, alongside her heroes Dire Straits, Simple Minds, Eurythmics and David Bowie, can hardly believe that she's pulled it off. 'My God, imagine me at number one! I wake up in the morning and I can't believe it. It's brilliant. It's what I've always wanted.' There's nothing false in a response like that. But the real measure of whether someone's stayed unspoiled is — are they true to their roots?

In Sam's case the roots are plain, and simple, and very very deep. A Mum and Dad she's trusted and loved since birth (hers, not theirs, stupid); a north London neighbourhood (Crouch Hill, for the geography buffs out there) she knows and feels at home in; a few mates she can knock about without having to play the star; and a bigger-than-average dose of common sense that has seen her through the minefields of modelling and the music biz without a scratch.

But hang on — isn't there one, vital aspect of her background we've missed out? Yes. Page Three, the national institution that made her name when she was just 16. Will she put that, and modelling in general, behind her? 'Never!' she says. 'I'll be there until readers say they don't want me.' In which case, we can go on humming her tunes *and* gazing shamelessly at her boobs for a long time to come. Which, of course, is just what Sam would like us to do. As the old adage goes, sex and jugs and rock and roll are very good indeed!'

'Sad emotions
Confusing my brain
I could not decide between
Pleasure or pain...'

DAVID CASSIDY
ROMANCE
(LET YOUR HEART GO)
LOVE MIX

Sam's first time on vinyl — posing with David Cassidy on his picture disc Romance. 'He was my teenage idol,' she says. 'I told him so when I met him and he was quite humpy about it. I can't work some fellas out!'

**'Like a tramp in the night
I'm begging for you
To treat my body
Like you wanted to...
Begging for you!'**

Unfortunately, yet another feather in a Bavarian's cap.
STRONG IN ALCOHOL
LÖWENBRÄU
MÜNCHEN
Pils
LAGER

Bavaria can pride itself on being a country of lager connoisseurs.

At the last count, the average drinker could take his hat off to over three thousand above-average brews.

But when it comes to Pils, there is one lager in particular that tickles his fancy.

His beloved Löwenbräu. Known locally as 'Pride of Bavaria.'

Like all Pils, most of its sugar turns to alcohol. Unlike most Pils, it also gains a strength and character that comes from brewing skills dating back over 500 years.

If you haven't had the pleasure, order a bottle of Löwenbräu Pils tonight.

It will, if you'll excuse the expression, knock everything else into a cocked hat.

LÖWENBRÄU
STRONG ON TRADITION

Hi De Hi!

Stand aside Su Pollard — a new generation of young fun-seekers have discovered that holiday camps leave 18-30 trips in the shade. The '50s revival has hit our coasts: 'Good Night Campers' will never mean the same again.

BY FRANK WILSON PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKE HACKER

I haven't got small balls but — no word of a lie — she had them both in her mouth and she was tugging on my old boy like they were going out of fashion. fashion. I reckon she stretched it about three inches. And she was making these really odd noises — sort of whining like a hungry dog. Then she gets on top of me and gets it up her and starts flailing around like she's having a bloody fit or something making these really high pitched noises. After doing that for ages she falls off and collapses in a heap next to me. Then about five minutes later she's up and saying that she must be off or she'll never get to work in time. It was like having it off with a whirlwind. . .'

You could be forgiven for thinking that was an outtake from *Caligula* or maybe even a more downmarket movie entitled *Danish Schoolgirls Aching For It*. But it isn't. It is real life. Very well you might say — despite the censors and Mary Whitehouse people still do have sex. But let the man finish.

'. . .then she starts picking up her clothes because they got chucked all over the place while we were getting down to it and she starts putting them on. First off she pulls on these shorts, white ones and makes some joke about never wearing knickers because you should always 'be prepared'. I was lying their wondering if boy scouts wore Y-Fronts if that was the case. Then she pulls on this Fred Perry type t-shirt, puts on her socks and these white plimsolls. Then she puts on her jacket and suddenly everything comes back to me. I was so pissed the night before I'd just thought she was a punter. But once she put that jacket on all the 'going to work' business made sense.

She worked there. At the holiday camp. She was a member of the staff. And she'd completely seduced me. I hardly had to do a thing. Don't even remember buying her a drink.

'As the holiday went on I suddenly realised that they were all begging for it. I got through loads of them. It was brilliant. So brilliant in fact that I went back last year and I've already booked early this year. You can keep your 18-30. The old fashioned holiday camps are 20 times better for shagging!'

With that Barry finished his cappucino, slipped on his 501 Levi jacket, checked his quiff in the Gaggia machine and waved a cheery goodbye. Just as the girl and the jacket had made everything click for Barry it was all starting to make sense to me. It's the logical extension of the '50s revival. If you have been to a club recently you'll have noticed that the country's young bucks have grown James Dean quiffs and secured them in place with liberal amounts of Brylcreem. They have also bought demob suits and black leather brogues in which they step out to Eddie Cochran and James Brown.

But they have now taken the whole idea one step further and are holidaying '50s style — at traditional holiday camps. The only difference is that this time round these sharp looking blokes have got the experience of 18-30 behind them — they know how to have a good time on holiday. They've all been to Marbella and got drunk, got sunstroke and got laid and now they've got wise. They can avoid the sunstroke and half the cost if they holiday at home.

'I reckon 18-30's trade must be a bit like my dick,' laughs Geoff, a mate of Barry's, 'it's dropping off! But you're right. We've all done 18-30 and don't get me wrong, it was a great laugh at the time, but me and Barry and a few mates went for four years and, y'know, you just end up doing the same thing every year. Dead ants, the old Spanish wine drinking contests, the clingfilm bikini competition. . . it all got a bit boring after you'd done it a couple of times. So all that's a bit old hat now. But we went last year to this holiday camp just on the south coast near Brighton, sort of £20 train fare there and back, and it was as good if not better. The food and drink are all great like you'd get at home really but the best thing about it was the crumpet. Every single bird from like 16-60 is trying to get laid. All of 'em. Like Barry was saying the staff are probably the worst. The birds are always up for it and all the blokes looked shagged — literally!'

A friend of Geoff and Barry's was so taken with the lifestyle he decided to apply for a job at a South Wales holiday camp complex. When we met up with Chris he looked a little drawn and had a slight pallour but there was a definite twinkle in his eye as he recounted a few anecdotes from the past year.

'It's funny you know, I told a few of my mates about the things that go on and they just didn't believe me until they came along as punters for a holiday — then they believed me! They were a little bit cynical at first. They liked the idea and everything, all that sort of Hi De Hi era stuff sort of fitted into the '50s things we're all into, but they thought it would be full up with grannies and that there'd be no birds there. As they've probably told you there are actually more birds than you normally have in a month let alone a fortnight.

'They were really funny when they first arrived because they were so many birds available. I was telling them to be a bit choosy because you can afford to be but they were going with all the old dogs and the 50-year-olds at the old grab a granny evenings. But after a while they started going for the classier crumpet and the staff. It's a funny thing, at first people think you can't touch the girls on the staff but they're in it for the sex as much as anyone else. They *love* it! But I must tell you I've had some bloody weird ones in the last year.

> When she got my knob out she asked if she could measure it!

'A while back I was doing this stint behind the bar in the main ballroom. It was just me and this girl Helen. But because she was a woman I was expected to lift all the barrels when we were changing them and that sort of thing but I said "We're getting paid the same so you can get down and give me a hand with the fucking barrels as well." Do you know what I mean?

'Anyway we were down there in the basement buggering around with these barrels and the water main burst. It was something to do with the pressure and the whole place flooded and there's me and Helen stuck in this basement with about two foot of water on the floor. The first thing she said was 'Looks like we're going to be in here for a while, we might as well not waste any time.' I couldn't believe it. So she starts taking her kit off and putting it all down on these upside down crates. Next thing I know I'm lying on these crates and Helen's on top of me stark naked trying to bite my trousers off! When she got my knob out she asked if she could measure it! It was really strange but apparently her and the other girls on the staff had a chart of all the male members of staff's members if you see what I mean, and every time they fucked a bloke they'd measure his cock and notch it up on the old chart. So she got out this little tape measure and starts sizing up my dick like a tailor. She wasn't knocked out by my size. If the chart was the First Division I would have probably been an Aston Villa — fifteenth in the table or something. But that didn't stop her squeezing it, biting, rubbing her clit with it. When she got around to putting it in her fanny she was coming over and over again. Then she suddenly said, "Do you mind if I go wee wee on you?" It must have been all the water in the basement but I was so intent on shooting my load I just said, do whatever you want. . . and she did.

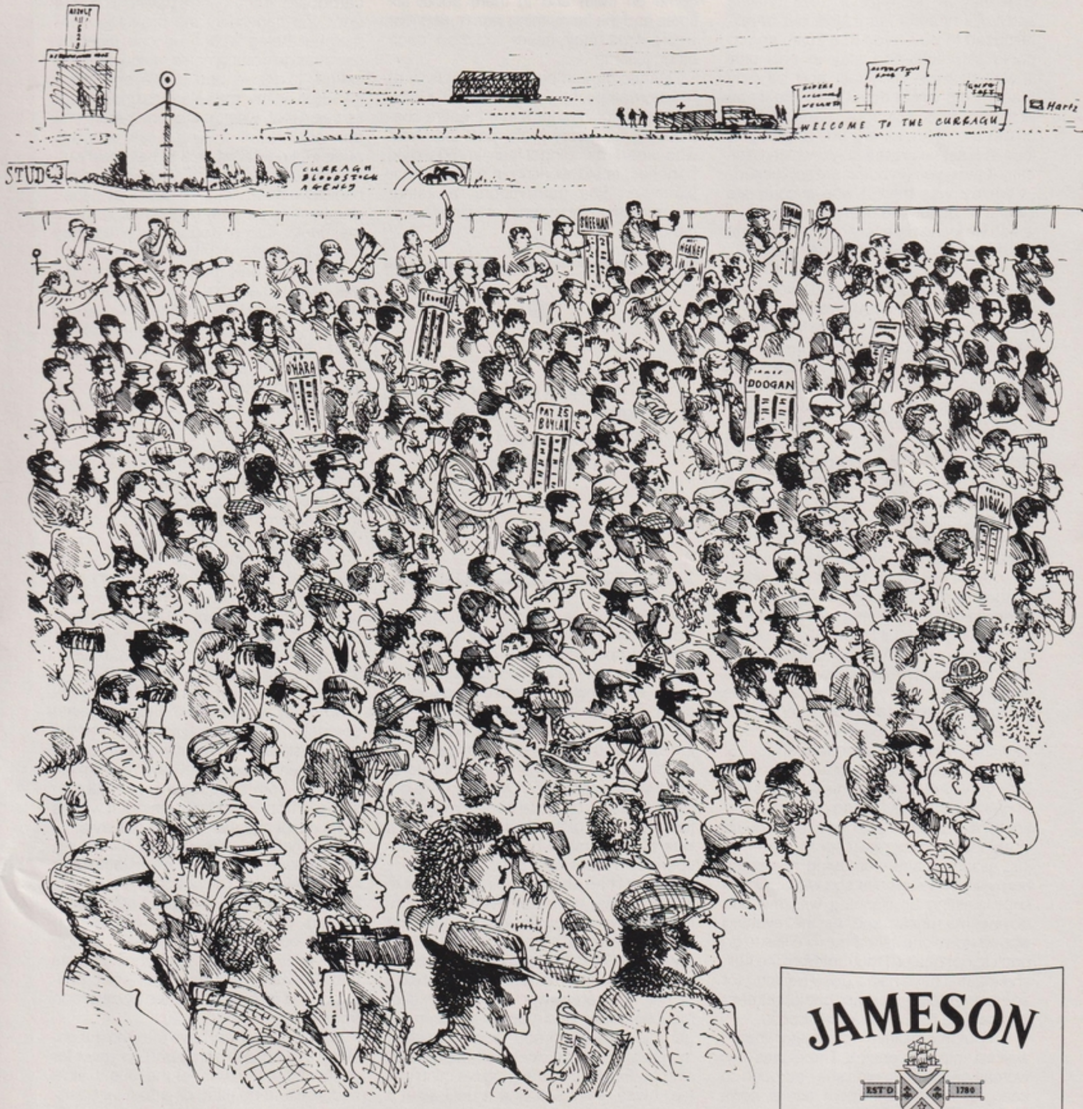
'The next day we were back up in the bar, best of friends, the flood in the basement's all cleared up and it's all, "Could you pass me a bottle of light ale there Chris," "Certainly Helen." Very polite. No one bearing grudges or trying to get too involved. It's magic! All they want is a good bonking. They don't want some clamouring boyfriend. It's probably the reason half of them are there in the first place — to get away from clamouring boyfriends.'

John, a good looking 24-year-old, fell into the holiday camp world almost by accident. He has left now to do what he calls, 'a less exhausting job.' It all began when he came out of university with an English degree three years ago and couldn't find work. After endless unsuccessful job applications he decided there was only one thing to do so he went to join the army on the East Coast. Upon arriving at the Army Recruitment Centre he was so horrified by the disciplinarian attitudes that he about-faced and went to catch the next train home from King's Lynn station. At the station he saw a poster advertising for staff at a local holiday camp. He had nothing to lose so he went along and within 24 hours he was on the Ents. (entertainments) staff and sitting in his chalet in full Hi De Hi clobber.

'I only lasted there six months. But I had to leave in the end for what were almost medical reasons. I thought I used to do all right on the university campus but the difference between campus and campers is quite remarkable! The trouble is I've always enjoyed a good rogering and to this day I believe I've only ever turned two or three down and that was only in cases of extreme ugliness on their part or drunkeness on my part.

'That really was my problem — I couldn't say no. You see at holiday camps you get very little time for sleep anyway. If you can imagine the evening dance, depending on the day of the

"Jameson?"
"Don't mind if I do."
"Takes me back to the Curragh."
"Spirited Lad, wasn't it?"
"Came from behind to beat the others hollow."
"Cause for celebration!"
"I did down the odd Jameson, or two."
"Got any tips for today?"
"Yes. Order another round of Jameson, quick."
"Eh?"
"The bar's about to close."



When you ask for whisky ask for Jameson.
You'll never know until you've tried it.

JAMESON
EST'D 1780
IRISH WHISKEY

week, winds up at 12am or 1am — sometimes later at weekends — and by the time you've done the 'goodnight campers' bit and scraped all the tired and emotional ones off the floor and made sure they've got back to their chalets safely it's nearing 2am. Now our breakfast used to be served at 6.30am so you could skip that and stay in bed until seven, or have breakfast and be very tired for the whole day. Of course if you pull and take someone back to your chalet the chances are you're going to lose at least two hours sleep which basically leaves you (in both senses) fucked.

'While I was there I was a complete sexual dinosaur and every time I did it — which was virtually every night — it was at the expense of those valuable two hours sleep. I ended up like a zombie. If I ever needed to I could virtually pull women in my sleep. Not that you ever needed to pull, they were always very up front about what they wanted. It used to amaze me, you'd be having an old time waltz with the most innocent looking of old women and they'd whisper things like, 'Have you got a stiffie?' and try to grab your plonker! And these weren't 45 or 50-year-old ladies, these women were pensioners!

'One of the strangest experiences I had was dancing to a sort of smoochy number with this fairly glamourous woman who must have been 40 but looked pretty good. And all the time we were dancing apart from her telling me that she was a mother of two from Bolton whose husband was working during her holiday she kept asking me what I thought of the other girls in the room. She'd point at a girl and say, 'I bet you'd love to show her what it's all about, wouldn't you?' After a while as we danced around the floor I kept noticing that she'd ask me about two girls in particular who were probably about 18. They were sitting together and they were both very attractive. But this woman's line of questioning was getting dirtier and dirtier. She was saying things like, 'I should imagine they'd be really tight to screw.' I just assumed she was trying to get me horny which I suppose she was. But she kept insisting on dancing with me and buying me drinks and as the evening wound down she asked me if I'd like to go back to her chalet. I thought what the hell, she mustn't have had a good bonking for ages so I memorised her chalet number and said I'd be over in an hour or so.

'I couldn't believe my eyes when I walked into her chalet. There was this woman and the two girls she had been so keen for me to talk about earlier completely naked in this little room and as they closed in on me all this woman said was, 'meet my daughters.' It sounds a bit bad when you're telling someone like this but at the time I thought my cock was going to explode. They very calmly and expertly undressed me and one of the girls folded my clothes very neatly on a chair and then all three of them started licking me *everywhere*. And I mean everywhere. I was just stunned in a sort of sexual stupor. I honestly can't remember how long I stayed there but I must have come on them and in them about six times and the funny thing was during that whole time they never touched each other, just me.'

Despite the rampant sexual activity at holiday camps they are possibly the least conducive places for it in the entire cosmos. Dawn, a very pretty pool-side host who wears her ginger hair in '50s style bunches, is still working in a camp near Exmouth. She remembers a rather embarrassing incident in or rather out of her chalet.

> The mother and her two daughters started licking me everywhere. And I mean *everywhere*.

'It had taken quite some time,' giggles Dawn,' but I'd eventually got this really dishy camper back to my chalet. He was one of those really muscley rockabilly types. Not Arnold Schwarzenegger muscles but very solid and manly looking. We got back to my chalet at around three in the afternoon when I got half an hour coffee break. We'd been in the pool beforehand larking about and by the time we got back I was, to be quite frank, dying for a fuck and this bloke had sensed this. It was comical really but we were so desperate to do it and do it fairly quickly because I had about 20 minutes to get to a creche that we never even made it to the bed. We just got inside the door and he pushed up my top and pulled down my knickers straight away and pulled this huge prick out of his trunks and pushed it up me. I was pretty wet with all the excitement so it wasn't too much of a problem to get this monster in and then he pushed me up against the door and started kissing my boobs and banging his thing into me. I was really enjoying it until all of a sudden the door just came right off its hinges and we both fell with him still inside me onto the grass outside my chalet about 30 yards from which were all these old blokes playing bowls. Tony, the rockabilly, was really cool about it. He just got comfortable on the grass gave a few more pumps, groaned really loudly and rolled off. Needless to say the game of bowls had stopped by then!

'I should have known something like that would happen because it's common knowledge that the chalets are made of cardboard. If someone's having it off next door you can count the orgasms. I remember being woken up one night by this strange grating noise, a very metallic sound. It got so bad in the end that I knocked on my mate Karen's chalet door to see what was going on. When she opened it the first thing I saw was this nude bloke with his dick at half mast cutting through the legs of a bunkbed with a hacksaw. Karen told me later that in their drunkeness they had decided to make the bunks into a double bed but they hadn't banked on it taking so long!'

But it's not only the young '50s revivalists who are having a ball at Britain's holiday camps. Gerry is the 54-year-old camp contest organiser at a North of England camp and while he can remember the camps the first time around when he was a Teddy Boy is Skegness he certainly isn't complaining about the rennaissance of swirling skirts, red lipstick and bobby sox.

'It's actually worked in my favour being older,' reasons Gerry. 'They treat me with a kind of reverence because I was there the first time around. Some of these young lasses ask me to tell 'em stories from the '50s and more often than not after a few drinks and a couple of hours chatting they're more than ready to make an old man happy. And let's face it I'm not the world's most attractive man but I can make 'em laugh and I have no illusions about myself and I think they like that.

'The contests are great. They break down a lot of barriers. In the wet T-shirt competition they let you squeeze their tits and all sorts because it's all part of the fun. I mean I don't get any *real* sexual pleasure from squeezing a girls titty on stage in front of 200 people but it warms them up for afterwards if you get my drift.'

And that's exactly what all the young James Dean and Natalie Wood lookalikes are discovering. The holidays are cheap, the accommodation is basic but functional and the only hazards are getting caught out in the four o'clock change over — when those in strange chalets return to more familiar ones — or catching 'chalet rash' which varies by definition from love bites to the clap.

So if you think you have the stamina get along to a holiday camp and discover for yourself that the spirit of the '50s is alive and well and bonking on a regular basis. 'Our aim is your delight,' as the old holiday camp adage goes. If your aim is all right you could end up by being highly delighted this summer. Hi De Hi!

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The PENTHOUSE ROADSHOW

'Sixty please,' demanded John Kelly in his inimitable resonant baritone. The quaking clerk knew exactly what Kelly wanted — a tube ticket to North London where he intended to show the girls exactly why he is called the 'Tripod'. Beverley Tomkins (left) was the first to find out in the scenic surrounds of North London's Primrose Hill but before 18-year-old Beverley could gasp big JK was off to Little Venice to capture gorgeous Anne Markham (above) by the old canal.

'Wembley! Wembley!' chanted shapely Yvonne Davies (36-26-36 to you) as she approached the gleaming twin towers (above). 'It must be every footballer's dream,' she sighed. So must you, Yvonne, so must you. The traffic ground to a halt at Abbey Road as Ruth Chapman (right) caused the greatest furore since the Fab Four stood on *that* zebra. Twenty-four-year old Ruth originally hails from County Kilburn but her journey to St John's Wood certainly made all the locals stop, look and listen!

ABBEY
HOUSE

Nice legs, shame about the boat. Native North Londoner Joanna Pollock (below) got down to some serious argy-bargy with John Kelly on her Islington boat. Beautifully proportioned Joanna first took to the water some years ago and she could take us for a punt anyday. As for John Kelly — we wouldn't touch him with a barge pole.

Twenty-one-year old Jill Jameson (above) took us up on Hampstead Heath. What she had on the end of that piece of rope is anyone's guess. Maybe she was walking her dog à la Michael Foot. Jill, 34-23-35 is an NW1 girl and can often be seen on the Heath, although she generally wears considerably more than this skimpy grass skirt!

The birds in the aviary squawked their approval as Clare Burkham (above) disrobed in Regents Park. By day Clare, 18, is a credit clerk for Times Furnishing but we must give *her* credit for her first professional modelling assignment. Watford's Paula Nixon (right) put Alexandra Palace to shame when she peeled in the grounds, for it was no longer London's high point. . . *she* was. She waved a cheery farewell to John Kelly as he wound up his film and indeed wound up the *Penthouse* Roadshow happy in the knowledge that Britain's cities will never be quite the same again!

Who Wears The Trousers?

There's times when a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. But do *you*. And indeed will you let her if she wants to, or make her if she doesn't? Confused? Well you obviously haven't got your strides on straight, if at all.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN HONEYSETT

Funny things, relationships. Of course they can be rewarding — a mutually beneficial sharing of wants and needs — but more often than not they're a veritable battlefield. Anyone who has ventured into a heavy relationship will know that the word 'ideal' just doesn't enter into it. Because relationships aren't about compromise, they're about who can compromise the best — who can appear completely reasonable but still keep the upper hand.

For years women, who as we know are born schemers, have been deft exponents of 'better compromise' — but of late there has been a spirit of rebellion in the air. Men are no longer content to put up with 'headaches', tantrums, sitting through The Colbys, finding their razors clogged with leg hair, fastening backs of dresses, humouring in-laws and paying for meals. Men have slowly but determinedly been getting on top of the women *out* of as well as in bed.

It's been an uphill struggle. Women have some shining historical examples to emulate: Cleopatra, Helen Of Troy, Eva Peron, Emily Pankhurst, Mavis Riley — they all had their men on *leads*. There are even a few latter day types who employ similar tactics (a point that Dennis Thatcher would undoubtedly agree with.)

But the modern guy in the go-ahead '80s isn't going to take this sort of treatment lying down. He is going to get back on top and reclaim what's rightfully his.

Test yourself out: it's vital to know exactly where you stand in the Battle Of The Trousers.

1. She comes home complaining that she's ben sexually harrassed at work. Do you:
a. Call the bloke up and threaten to break his neck and kick his face in?
b. Call the bloke up and threaten to break his white stick and kick his guide dog?
c. Call the bloke up and ask him for some tips?

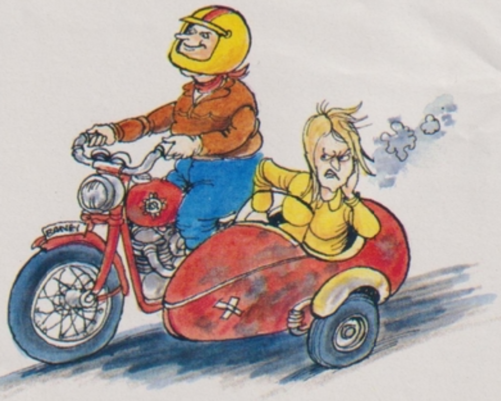
2. You've both saved up enough to buy a second hand car. You get to the garage undecided. What vehicle are you most likely to end up with?
a. A B-reg Capri with wide wheels, Go-Faster stripes, 400 watt ear bleed stereo and quadruple carb turbo XBVI Super Twin engine?
b. A pastel pink Renault 5 with *nice* upholstery, sunroof, 'Nuclear Power — No Thank You' sticker and no stains on the back seat?
c. An elderly BSA motorcycle with sidecar?

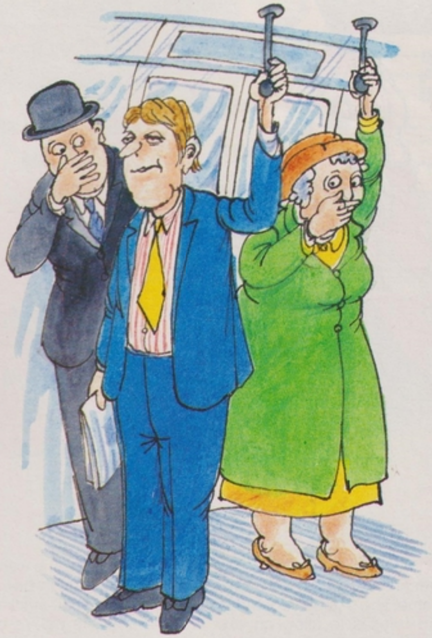
3. Whilst in a frisky mood you decide to take a bath together. Do you:
a. Get the end with the taps?
b. Have first go with the soap?
c. Have to wait until she's finished with the loofah?

4. The batteries in the vibrator run out at a crucial moment in a bonking session. Do you:
a. Turn the light off and bring the old electric toothbrush into play?
b. Belt down to the all-night chemist for a couple of Duracell?
c. Face up to the harsh reality of real sex and use the genuine article?

5. Her period starts and she's out of tampons. She asks you if you could dash out to the shop to buy some. Do you:
a. Refuse. It's far too embarrassing.
b. Call an ambulance.
c. Give her some cotton wool and a ball of string and tell her to roll her own?

6. She discovers that she's pregnant. Do you say:
a. We're going to have a baby?
b. You're going to have a baby?
c. Bye?





7. You wake up to find that you've run out of deodorant. Do you:
a. Use her Meadow Mist and put up with the homosexual allegations at work?
b. Don't use any and go to work smelling 'manly'?
c. Use some air freshener in the hope that it will work?

8. She's been making an indecent amount of calls to her best-friend Shirl in Australia. The phone bill arrives courtesy of Securicor and true to form it's *big*. Do you:
a. Smile pleasantly, rip the phone out and buy her a stationery set?
b. Agree to go halves on it. You pay for it and then have to go on halves for a month?
c. Forward the bill to Shirl and take back the Telecom share you bought her when she left the country?

9. You love her to wear stockings and frilly knickers. She wears up-to-the-armpits woolly tights 'because they're practical'. Do you:
a. Meekly buy some naughty undies and put them in her woolly sock drawer, hoping she'll take the hint?
b. Refuse to sleep with her until she stops dressing like a koala bear?
c. Dress the dog up in stockings and start making passes at it in her presence?

10. You find she's been at it with your best mate. Do you:
a. Lock her in her room, then go round and beat the shit out of him?
b. Take her word she'll never do it again?
c. Hide in his cupboard, wait till they're in bed and then burn them both?

11. Which job is she likely to end up leaving to you?
a. Changing washers.
b. Washing smalls.
c. Cleaning the loo.
d. Cleaning the gunk from under the cooker.
e. Cleaning the inside of the car.
f. Unblocking the sink.
g. Hoovering the walls.

12. After a hefty night on the vindaloo you discover that there's only enough toilet paper for one. You make it to the loo first. Do you:
a. Use the paper and leave her to worry your pet labrador puppy?
b. Leave the paper for her and use the cardboard cylinder in the middle of the roll?
c. Risk enormous embarrassment by running up to the corner shop for fresh supplies?

13. It's late. You've had a skinful after a hard day at the office. You slump into bed and it soon becomes apparent that she has designs on your equipment. Do you:
a. Rise to the occasion and give it your best shot?
b. Whack it in quickly and fake an orgasm?
c. Explain lovingly that you're drunk, tired and probably couldn't raise a giggle if you were paid?

14. She comes out of the changing room in Harrods. She loves the dress, it's very expensive but she looks like a pig's breakfast. Do you:
a. Give her money to buy it?
b. Give her money not to buy it?
c. Pretend you're not with her and casually stroll away?
d. Suggest that it's not quite her but if she really wants it . . . then you'll start wearing banana coloured flares?

15. Your ideal evening out involves:
a. Putting on old jeans, going down the local, playing pool until you go blind and drinking until you fall over?
b. Waiting for three hours while she trowels on her make up, watching her dance around her clutch bag all night at Barberella's while simultaneously downing a bottle of gin?
c. Eating out?
d. Eating each other out?

16. You have invited six mates and a crate of beer around to watch the rugby international, but she has organised a tupperware party to take place on exactly the same afternoon. Do you:
a. Change the venue, the boys won't mind?
b. Ask the boys if they fancy buying any tupperware?
c. Tell the girls they can watch the rugby with you only if they jump into the communal bath after the game?

17. If you agree on a weekend away is it most likely to be in:
a. The Lake District?
b. Le Mans?
c. Bed?

18. You go to a pet shop to buy a pet (well you're not going to buy a Barrett home in a pet shop, are you?) What type of animal do you end up taking home?
a. A man-eating Staffordshire bull terrier?
b. A fluffy white kitten?
c. A piranha (if she can stand the competition)?
d. A fluffy white Staffordshire bull terrier?

19. She finds you've been at it with her best mate. She demands an explanation. Do you:
a. Fine one of her old school books and give her a biology lesson?
b. Apologise profusely, tell her you'll never do it again and agree to penile piercing as a punishment?
c. Tell her to get her knickers off and join in?

20. Do you call your joint bank account:
a. Our money?
b. Your money?
c. My money?
d. Their money?
e. What money?

21. You take her to see Millwall as a treat (for her not Millwall). A dart buries itself in her head. She clutches her head screaming. Do you:
a. Tell her to shut up until she knows the rules properly?
b. Frantically attempt to attract the attention of a St John's Ambulance man?
c. Shout 'one hundred and eighty'?

22. You both walk into a gay bar by mistake. Do you?
a. About face and run out?
b. Keep your buttocks clenched and hold her hand?
c. Ask for two lemonAIDS?

23. Infected by raging Greenham Common syndrome, she's gone vegetarian and refuses to allow an oxo cube into the flat. Do you:
a. Succumb to her wishes and bring her bean curd porridge in bed every morning?
b. Secretly sneak in supplies of Macdonalds?
c. Come home dripping with pig's blood, bite the head off a battery chicken and sit down to a lump of a raw whalemeat?

24. She decides she wants to continue her high-powered career as a shelf-stacker at Londis after the baby's born. This means you staying at home to bring up the kid. Do you:
a. Say yes — what's your job and your mates compared with creative parenting?
b. Say you'll go halves on a nanny?
c. Say you know a good adoption agency?

25. To keep your relationship together you are prepared to (tick one appropriate answer):
a. Give her one when you fancy it?
b. Give her one when she fancies it?
c. Cook dinner once a week?
d. Cook dinner every night?
e. Wash up for the rest of your life?
f. Talk to her parents?
g. Talk *nicely* to her parents?
h. Watch videos of Blue Peter surrounded by her hordes of voluble offspring for eternity?

26. She joins a feminist group and invites the collective around to your place for a meeting. Do you:
a. Make sure you're out?
b. Organise a stag night at your place to neatly coincide?
c. Accidentally leave some of her suspenders and crotchless panties and fudge-flavoured KY jelly lying around?
d. Join in the discussion and try to put forward the male point of view?

27. You turn the television on to get your regular dose of Benny Hill when she decides that she wants to watch Delia Smith instead. Do you:
a. Stand your ground, state your case, insist on your rights and then watch Delia Smith?
b. Agree to watch Delia Smith but secretly fantasise about her while viewing?
c. Videotape Benny Hill and when she's finished watching Delia send her into the kitchen to practice.
d. Let her watch Delia Smith but slap her head — Benny Hill-style — at regular intervals throughout the programme?

BUSINESS NEWS

28. Which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree with:
a. When you're reading the Sunday papers she always ends up with the Business News.
b. When we're reading the Sunday papers I always end up with the Business News.
c. We never get around to reading the Sunday papers because we spend Sunday making harmonious love.

Scoring

Each choice has been given a weighted value point.
The values of these are listed below. Tick *one* choice for each of the questions then add up the points allotted.

1. (a) 3 (b) 1 (c) 2
2. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 3
3. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3
4. (a) 3 (b) 1 (c) 2
5. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 3
6. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3
7. (a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 1
8. (a) 2 (b) 2 (c) 3
9. (a) 1 (b) 3 (c) 1
10. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 3
11. (a) 1 (b) 3 (c) 4 (d) 3 (e) 2 (f) 2 (g) 1
12. (a) 3 (b) 1 (c) 2
13. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3
14. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3 (d) 2
15. (a) 3 (b) 1 (c) 2 (d) 2
16. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3
17. (a) 1 (b) 3 (c) 2
18. (a) 3 (b) 1 (c) 2 (d) 2
19. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 3
20. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 3 (d) 2 (e) 1
21. (a) 3 (b) 1 (c) 3
22. (a) 2 (b) 2 (c) 3
23. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 4
24. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3
25. (a) 3 (b) 1 (c) 2 (d) 1 (e) 1 (f) 2 (g) 1 (h) 1
26. (a) 1 (b) 3 (c) 4 (d) 2
27. (a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 3 (d) 4
28. (a) 3 (b) 1 (c) 2

Well...Who Does?

Below 30 points: The Doormat
Look, you may not have realised this but — she's walking all over you, my son. There's nothing wrong with a caring, sharing relationship — well, almost nothing — but this girl has you on a lead and you're not even barking. If you let yourself get pushed around much more you'll start growing castors. Have you no shame for the disservice you're doing to mankind? Beef up your act or top yourself, you wimp.

30-49 points: The Docile
Getting better. If you're towards the top end of the scale you may even have something close to an equal partnership — but is this *enough*? It's all very well for her to sit there and demand to be treated as a human being, but you've got to remember she's a woman — and given a chance, she'll chew your nadgers off and keep you in nappies for the rest of your natural. General verdict: plenty of room for improvement.

50-60 points: The Delirious
You are about as rare as a vibrator in a nunnery. If the term one in a million ever applied it applies to you. You are excrutiatingly happy because you have struck that perect equilibrium between being trodden on and asserting your masculinity. You enjoy a blissfully harmonious relationship with your partner and very probably call her a ridiculous name like 'squiffynipples' or 'humpalump'. You take it in turns to being each other tea in the morning, your burst your prostate trying to ensure that she comes first and you go for a Sunday afternoon walk with her on alternate Sundays while The Big Match is on. You, sir, are a very fortunate chap. There again you could be a disgusting creep who is filling out this quiz with an immense dragon breathing over your shoulder.

60-75 points: The Dominant
This is more like it. You have a certain amount of respect for your partner, but you temper it with plenty of regard for your own interests. You're the kind of guy who's not afraid of being a bit *manly* when the occasion demands — and let's face it chaps, whatever they may say the girls like to be treated a bit rough once in a while. You've mastered the art of give and take — you give it to her and she takes it in the mouth — and there's no doubt who wears the strides, even if they're frequently around your ankles.

76-99 points: The Dastardly
This is about as far as you can go and stay legal. We're willing to bet you've never washed up, never cooked a meal and never bonked with her on top. You're definitely in charge of your relationship — but how much is there to be in charge of? Go on, do the decent thing — take her out of that corner, take off the gag and undo the ropes.

100 or above: The Doggy Doo
You shit. It takes a lot to put us on the side of women, but you are a prime example of a worthless selfish, mysogynist if ever we saw one. You make Dr Crippen look like Dr Kildaire. If you haven't been put away yet, you soon will be and the world won't miss you. You'd better be wearing armour plating under those trousers — 'cos if we know women, your balls are up for a blasting.

SEAN PENN

Most directors seem to forget that they are "directors" and are not responsible for creating roles, but only guiding actors. That is all they are there for.

BY BERTIL UNGER & GIL GIBSON

At the tender age of 24, Sean Penn is busy making a name for himself as the most obnoxious, spoilt, unpleasant, charmless, aggressive, foul-mouthed, brattish, ill-tempered slob of all time and as the vicious young actor's reputation as a troublemaker reached a high point in his battles with the British press while completing *Shanghai Surprise* opposite his famous and luscious wife, Madonna, in London, the question arises:

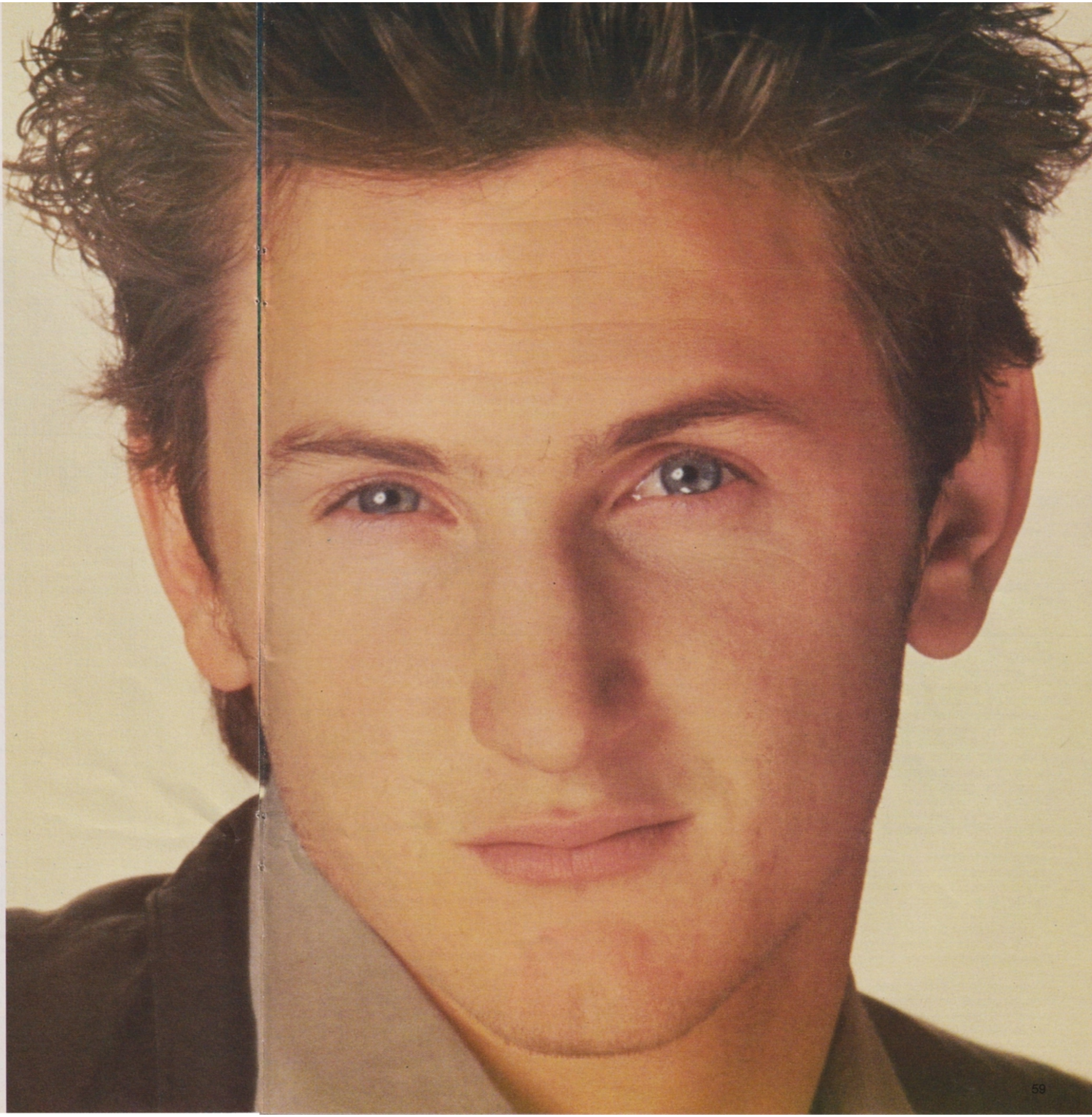
To what extent has Orion Pictures, the Hollywood company which produced his last film (due for release in Britain later this year), *At Close Range*, encouraged Penn to compound and exaggerate his *bad boy/punk* image further?

Is Sean Penn — known to be somewhat shy, sensitive, even 'sweet' in private (though he makes John McEnroe look like a choirboy in public) — the product of a massive studio hype?

When British journalists, Ian Markham-Smith and photographer Laurence Cottrell, filed a $1-million lawsuit against Penn and Orion Pictures, the two men insisted that Orion encouraged their leading man's brawling, nasty, sullen behaviour by issuing press releases for the film that enhanced his brash, mean reputation. Any studio — that is *if* this is the intention of Orion Pictures — has the right to promote their product as they wish; it may be true that film *At Close Range* may be made more believable and successful at the box-office as the result of Sean Penn's growing reputation and massive publicity.

Markham-Smith and Cottrell based their suit on the fact that Penn rushed out of his hotel one morning in June 1985 to prevent Cottrell from taking pictures of Madonna who was out jogging outside their hotel in Nashville where *At Close Range* was being filmed. They were hoping to get pictures of the two lovebirds together, but then Penn allegedly threw a large rock at the two of them, then allegedly approached Cottrell, grabbed his camera and tripod and proceeded to beat them up with their own equipment. Penn was arrested by the police and released on $500 bail. He was later found guilty and fined with a 90-day suspended jail sentence.

This was not Penn's first brush with the law. In October 1984 he also assaulted two journalists and was fined $100 and given a suspended 180-day jail sentence. During the couple's stay in Hong Kong (where part of *Shanghai Surprise* was filmed) and later in London (where the picture was completed) the reports of gross misbehaviour kept hitting the headlines and thereby 'improving' the box-office chances of *At Close Range*? One can't help but get the impression that Sean Penn — and Madonna who, apparently goes along with everything



PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOPE FEATURES

her man does — is baiting the press. When given the option to fly into London on a private plane and to enter Britain quietly and in secret, they chose to come in on a regular flight instead.

And the headline-provoking antics went on and on.

In Hong Kong Penn allegedly assaulted a 61-year-old photographer and on another occasion threatened a female photographer with a water pistol which he claimed was filled with urine. . . presumably his own.

In London — wearing a balaclava cap as he left an Italian restaurant in Kensington — Penn approached a waiting photographer and motioned to him to open his car window. Penn then spat full in the man's face.

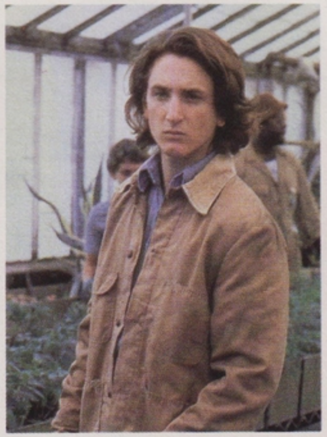
Surrounded by no fewer than 60 minders and bodyguards — men capable of dragging terrified lady reporters out of ladies' loos to prevent them from getting too close to the famous, or by now infamous, couple — look-alike decoys have been used to get them in and out of the hotel. Their antics became so unpleasant that the hotel management threatened them with eviction. ('They're like spoilt children,' said a hotel official. 'They've no right to behave so badly in our hotel. We've never had to give this kind of star treatment to any of our showbiz people before.)

A veteran production crewman at Shepperton Studios outside London told a London reporter: 'Madonna and Penn are an appalling, rude, arrogant couple who think they know it all. They are dreadful punks. . . a pair of spoilt brats telling you your job as if they're better than royals. We've been treated like serfs by these two creeps.'

Is the 'no publicity' rule a sham? Are Penn and Madonna actually courting the limelight by pretending to avoid it?

Before Penn's marriage to Madonna on August 16, 1985 she was the hottest woman in rock 'n' roll history and because of her fame and stature the wedding ceremony was conducted like a CIA undercover operation in some Latin American banana republic. Neither the caterers nor the guests knew where the ceremony would take place until the very morning of their wedding day. Penn had met up with Madonna just a few months prior to the wedding when he got a friend to take him on to the set where her *Material Girl* video was being shot. It was apparently love at first sight. Madonna dropped her then current admirer, short, suave, and snappy dresser Prince and Penn said goodbye to his current flame as well.

Although he had made seven films by then, he was all but unknown to the vast majority of movie goers at the time. And he has been accused of riding on Madonna's fame ever since.



> We don't need publicists. Madonna and I can sell our own movies.

Born in Santa Monica, California in 1960 Penn comes from true acting stock. His mother Eileen Ryan, is an actress and his father, Leo Penn, is also an actor and director. One of his brothers, Christopher Penn, appeared in the movie *Footloose* and stars with brother Sean in *At Close Range*. Sean studied acting at high school, made his acting debut in an episode of Barnaby Jones, appeared on Broadway in *Heartland* in 1980 (critics called him terrific, electric, stunning) but the play only enjoyed a short run.

In 1981 — and after another Broadway role — he made his first film appearance in *Taps*, followed by *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, *Bad Boys* (a picture for which he wanted to have his perfect teeth filed down to look more convincing. . . until his mother talked him out of it), Louis Malle's *Crackers* which floped badly at the box-office — and *Racing with the Moon*. During the making of this film he was hailed as the new James Dean and his co-star Elizabeth McGovern fell hopelessly in love with him. 'As soon as I met him he fixed me with those piercingly blue eyes and they ripped into my heart. He turned me inside out and I fought it. I really tried for it not to happen, but I just couldn't fight those blue eyes', McGovern said afterwards and they became engaged. They were already scouting Mexico for a perfect place for their wedding. But then Penn met Madonna. And the romance for Miss McGovern was over.

The Falcon and the Snowman came next and presented Penn with a problem. Compared with Robert de Niro — an actor known for taking his movie roles very seriously and in the method acting tradition to actually become the character he portrays — Penn has had a tattoo of a wolf's head put on his arm for *Bad Boys* when a make-up artist could have given him a temporary fake tattoo with ease. He lived with two tough Texan rock musicians to prepare for his role in *Crackers* and hung out with riff-raff at a correctional school (also for *Bad Boys*.) In *The Falcon and the Snowman* he portrayed Andrew Daulton Lee, a drug-dealing small-time hood who was heavily into cocaine and heroin and is now serving a life sentence.

'I think he is the finest young actor in America today', says top director Rick Rosenthal who worked with Penn on *Bad Boys*. 'He has infinite possibilities and I rate him the crown prince of character actors. I don't think there is a role he cannot play, given time. Sean is kind of introverted, but he is very clear about how to approach a character.'

A closer look at this strange young man reveals an obvious characteristic: he seems to have no personality of his own. He only comes alive when he can hide behind a character invented by a scriptwriter. Witness the following interview which makes it obvious that Penn regards the interview forum as a guillotine that would chop off his concentration. He *is*, in fact, extraordinarily shy and introverted and trying to pin him down to talk about himself or his private life can be compared to nailing jelly to a wall. . .

Penthouse: You have been compared to De Niro, James Cagney and the late James Dean. How do you feel about that?

Penn: I think it's ridiculous. Whoever the new young actor is with a movie out that week, he's the new James Dean.

Penthouse: You seem to avoid all personal questions. Why?

Penn: Most people already understand how personal lives work and they can't help feeling dirty when they read crap like the American magazine, *People*.

Penthouse: Why are you so hesistant to grant interview? Talking freely to the press may lessen the pressure and clear the air. . .

Penn: De Niro doesn't give interviews. Why should I?

Penthouse: When you made *Racing with the Moon* you refused to publicise the movie afterwards and even refused talking to trade publications during the making of the film. . .

Penn: I was made the scapegoat of that picture. It was missed communications. I had worked with producer Stanley Jaffe

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on *Taps* before and we got along. But he was upset with me about the press and threw obscenities at me over the phone. I think it was a bad rap.

Penthouse: But you also disagreed with the director and. . .

Penn: Most directors seem to forget that they are 'directors' and are not responsible for creating roles but only guiding actors. That is all they are there for. I would like to have the Directors Guild of America change their sign above their offices to 'Dictators of America'.

Penthouse: It has been said that you have few friends and find it difficult to make friends. While working in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* your co-star, Phoebe Cates, tried to befriend you, but then you stubbed out your cigarette in your palm twice which left you with two burnt holes in your hand and Phoebe in near-hysterics with shock. Why?

Penn: I was just starting to make a friend out of Phoebe.

Penthouse: And that wolf's head you had tattooed on your arm — it was just a make-believe movie role after all.

Penn: It was necessary for me.

Penthouse: You seem to take acting very seriously. What does acting mean to you?

Penn: The actor has an enormous responsibility to the press and public — directly under the responsibility to oneself. One of my favourite books is *Birdy* and it has a saying in it that sums up my feelings about acting: 'Thinking destroys acting'.

Penthouse: Did your parents encourage you in your acting career?

Penn: No, they just kept pushing college at me. They said I had to have some profession to fall back on. But I kept telling them I wouldn't fall back. And I didn't.

Penthouse: So acting *is* your life now? You seem to take it more than just seriously.

Penn: Everytime you start a joke and act a scene you say goodbye to yourself for the few minutes it takes. I build a cage around me and inside that mental 'cage' I can do anything provided I've built it strong enough. Inside you can then go nuts and go crazy and do whatever the hell you want. As long as you build that 'cage' strong and big enough you can go nuts inside it and play any character in the world.

Penthouse: What do you like to do besides act?

Penn: Stuff.

Penthouse: Are you willing to talk about your love life? You and Madonna seem to be very happy and it is said that you are hoping to start a family soon. Any confirmation?

Penn: That's a sore subject.

Penthouse: What are your ultimate goals in life?

Penn: I have goals.

Penthouse: You and your wife were hoping to buy a home in London. Do you still plan on living in England?

Penn: No, we can't wait to get out. There's no way I'm going to try living somewhere where people can be so stupid. We'd never get any peace.

Penthouse: Why are you so security-conscious? What are you afraid of?

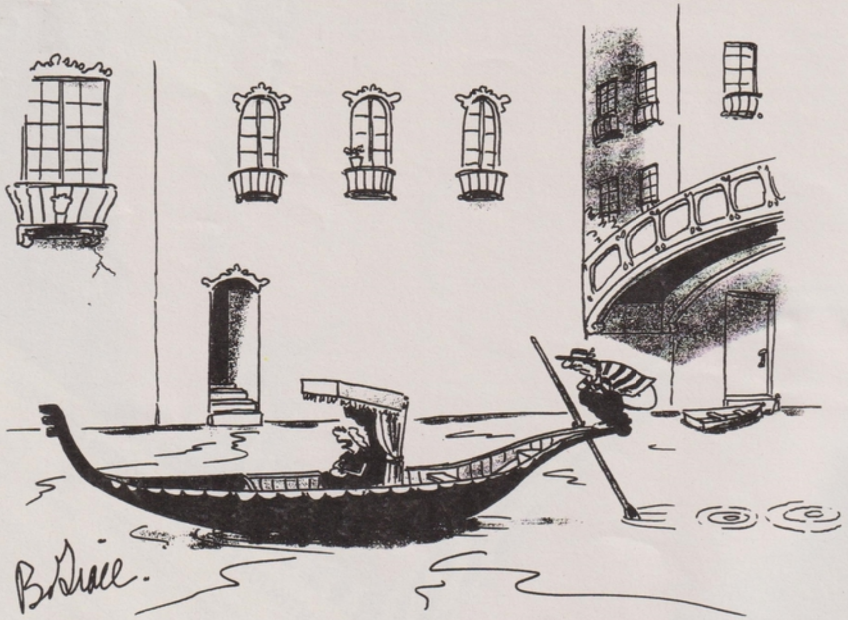
Penn: You know what happened to John Lennon.

Penthouse: Is is true that you had a film publicist fired in Hong Kong where he was just trying to do his job to publicise your newest picture?

Penn: We don't need publicists. Madonna and I can sell our own movies, get our own publicity if we want to.

Penthouse: So then this whole publicity storm — all the battles with the press, the fights with photographers, the bad behaviour — is all part of the hype?

No reply.



"Is it true the canals are polluted?"

She's a girl who's not used to the high life. A girl brought up in the back streets of London, more at home lying by the Serpentine than the Mediterranean. She's doing her very best to get used to the luxury, but her new lifestyle still goes. . .

Against the Grain

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL MOORE

'I'm at something of a loose end here,' says Lesley, gazing out across the waves from a private beach on the riviera. 'It's silly, I've wanted a glamorous life as long as I can remember, but now I've got one all I really want is an ice cream and a can of cold lager. Still, at least there's plenty of time to think,' she says dreamily.

Thinking is something Lesley tends to do quite a lot of. 'I never had a job when I was at home, and I used to spend quite a lot of time sitting in the park, and wondering what I was going to do with my future. Really, I've spent all 18 years of my life just waiting for something like this to happen'.

Lesley had been in the South of France for two weeks when she posed for our photographer, launched on her new career by a major model agency who plucked her, almost literally, from that London park bench. 'I was sitting there and a guy sat next to me, who I knew vaguely because he came from the same block of flats. He turned out to work in association with this agency, and he told me how well I moved. It just started from there. . .'

'Modelling's cracked up to be such hard work, such a strain on you. That's rubbish. To me, showing off my body is just relaxing. I did a fair amount of it to the lads in London.' With tricks like this, you can be sure our Pet of the Month will adapt to her new life very well indeed.

MISS LESLEY GLYNNE JONES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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THE WORLD AT THEIR FEET

With the World Cup Finals in Mexico just weeks away the *Penthouse* first team put their heads together to study form. *Jimmy Greaves*, *Ian St John* and our Sports Editor *Bob Holmes* contemplate the field.

It doesn't seem 16 years since Bobby Moore was accused of nicking a necklace in a Columbian jeweller's and Gordon Banks made that unforgettable save from Pele before being struck down by Montezuma's Revenge. . . but it is. And when the World Cup kicks off in Mexico on May 31, the nightmare of England's exit from the 1970 competition will not be the only reason for this country's soccer fans to feel uneasy: although a cyclone of change has since blown through the sport and an earthquake has hit the host nation, most of the tasty bits of this forthcoming feast are still likely to be heavily spiced and come from the Latin Americans.

No European team has ever won the

ILLUSTRATION: JOHN FARMAN

tournament in the New World and the more global nature of this year's melting pot suggests the old countries will have to wait even longer. Indeed, those best equipped to survive the altitude and temperature will once again be the formidable footballing nations of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay along with the vastly-improved Mexicans themselves. Not even temporary disarray in Rio, where England notched a surprise win in 1984, or the renowned flair of the French, reigning European champions, can argue with heat and home advantage.

But let us discover what that legendary pair of ITV pundits, Ian St John and Jimmy Greaves, think — both of whom have experienced the heights as well as tackles as hot as tacos.

Holmes: Gentlemen, what are your initial thoughts on the draw?

Greavsie: Tough on Scotland! But England have not got it all their own way, either. The climate in Monterrey is not what England were looking for and neither are their opponents: I think Poland are going to be a tough side while Portugal could be one of the better European teams. The Portugese haven't any real track record but they are the type of side which does well in the World Cup so it isn't going to be that easy for our blokes. As for the Jocks, I can't see them scoring a goal!

Saint: Aye, we're having a problem there. For the past year, in our build-up games, we just haven't been scoring and yet we have got, certainly in England, some good strikers. There are the Frank McAvennies, the Charlie Nicholases, the David Speedies and the Graeme Sharps of this world, up in Scotland we've got Mo Johnston and, in Spain, there's Steve Archibald. . . a list as long as your arm of fellas who've been scoring at club level yet in internationals they've not been doing it. So Alex Ferguson's main problem is goals and, if the lads up front are finding it hard to score, other people have got to join in. At international level, it's often midfield players who win the games — people like Bryan Robson — so we need Graeme Souness to do that for us.

Greavsie: And Gordon Strachan. . .

Saint: And Paul McStay.

Greavsie: Yeah, we can always rely on Robson getting a goal for England. . . if he's fit.

Saint: But we can't rely on anybody. Although we have John Wark, who might be out of the frame as far as Scotland is concerned, but whose goal scoring record from midfield is unsurpassed.

Greavsie: Yes, it's going to be all about scoring, particularly from the point of view of the three home countries because if they don't qualify in first or second spot, it's the top four of the rest who go through on goal difference and this is where Scotland has a really tough task. If they don't go through in those first two places — and it's not likely that they will — that group is going to be so close-knit, they'll need all the goals they can get.

Saint: And when you look at West Germany, Denmark and Uruguay, we know we won't be hammering any of those.

Greavsie: But I don't think West Germany are the team they were, while Denmark are better than they're given for.

Saint: I have reservations about Denmark. OK, they're a smashing team — a bit like Holland in '74, may not be as good — but they've never been to a World Cup and, as we know, when you go away for a competition like this, life is very different: the players haven't experienced anything like it before, the backroom staff haven't, and before they know where they are, they could be caught out and on the plane home. I hope I'm right because that would help Scotland.

Greavsie: Yes, I think if we're going to be realistic about looking for winners, we have to be looking at South American sides — sides who're experienced in that region.

Holmes: Bobby Robson has said any of half the qualifying teams could win it.

Greavsie: Well, he's right to say that as few people expected Italy to win in Spain so you never can tell.

Saint: That's right. Brazil were the best team in Spain — without a doubt — a marvellous team.

Greavsie: You see, a lot depends on fitness and form — *at that particular time of the year*. Injuries come into it but it depends even more on striking the right balance between players at that particular moment and you never know.

GROUP A (Mexico City & Puebla)

Italy. The holders have the honour of getting the show on the road but view their group opponents with considerable unease. And with World Cup homecomings traditionally either tumultuous or tomato-splattered, manager Enzo Bearzot is getting his excuses in first: 'It's virtually impossible to retain the trophy. Since the War, only the Brazilians have managed it and they had Pele!' Nevertheless, the Italians still have a sound defence and goal-scoring hero in Paolo Rossi.

Bulgaria. It's about time the Bulgars broke their duck. Despite qualifying four times, they have yet to win a match in the World Cup finals but are so determined to make amends in Mexico, they are sacrificing all. Not only have they reinstated their star players who were banned for fisticuffs, but they've also jettisoned their stodgy diet of dirty defence!

Argentina. Far more formidable on the football field than they were in the Falklands, the 1978 winners must fancy their chances and, in Diego Maradona, they possess the world's number one player. A muscular magician who has a shot like an Exocet missile, the Naples superstar could win it on his own but will have to watch out for flying tackles from fans as well as defenders. However, Naples, having invested a cool £6 million in his bandy legs, are understandably reluctant to lose his services mid-season whereas his country wanted an early op so he could be ready for the finals.

South Korea. Any mention of this peninsula sends shivers down Italian spines — even though it was the northern half which sent Italy to that never-to-be-forgotten humiliation in 1966. Now it's the South's turn and, according to the local press, the team is not taking its second appearance (they also qualified in 1954) in the finals lightly.

GROUP B (Mexico City & Toluca)

Mexico. With the possible exception of Nepal playing on a sloping pitch on Mount Everest, no country can enjoy a greater home advantage than Mexico. Indeed, if certain physiologists are to be believed, a team of señoritas could probably scrape through the early stages — as long as they were used to the rarified air and scorching heat. Yes, the hosts could win it. Watch out for Hugo Sanchez.

Belgium. Devastated by a bribery scandal at Standard Liege, those players not behind bars have regrouped impressively and their defeat of Holland in a qualifying play-off has given the tournament efficiency at the expense of flair. Will not set Mexico or even Brussels alight but their defence will be difficult to penetrate.

Paraguay. The weakest of the Latin American qualifiers, Paraguay is the sort of banana skin on which the unwary might slip — as the mighty Brazil almost did when they were held 1-1 in Rio. And with manager Cayetano Re believing in 'total football — attack is the best method of defence' — there could be some thrills.

Iraq. Doing better in the Gulf War than they are expected to do here although their shooting ought not to be underestimated. Have made big advances on the football field as well thanks to the coaching of Brazil's Jorg Vieira. Beat Syria in the playoffs.

Saint: The Brazilians usually turn up trumps for the big occasions, while in our own group, the Uruguayans — nasty buggers — are always there. I've played against Uruguay and it was the toughest and dirtiest game I've ever been involved in. And I don't think they've changed.

Greavsie: No, they won't change out there. There's a different interpretation of football which the Europeans have got to get used to. Even the ball is different — they play with a much softer ball. Now that may not sound that important but it bloody well is. Also there's a different interpretation on tackling, on obstruction and on the way the game is played overall. You have to get used to all these things.

Holmes: Saint, speaking of moving the ball, haven't Scotland got players who can do that from free kicks?

Saint: Yes, there's Graeme Souness, Paul McStay and 'Charlie' — he can certainly bend 'em.

Greavsie: But that's with our ball — they'll have to get used to a different one and then there's the grass — that's totally different from what we're used to. We know about the rarified air and the heat but there are lots of other things, too. Whatever we say, I feel any European side is going to be up against it.

Holmes: What do you think of England's idea of preparing in Colorado?

Greavsie: It's the best they can do in the circumstances.

Saint: They've got a real problem as they're going to train at altitude, then come down to play at Monterrey — a drop of some 5,000 feet — and, if they get through, they go back up to high altitude so they could lose out on what they've originally gained.

Holmes: But they'd rather have that and play Poland, Portugal and Morocco than swap places with Scotland.

Saint: Och, aye. And the one thing about training in America is that everything is going to be lovely — the food will be right, the hotel will be terrific. . . in fact, they might want to stay.

Greavsie: Why not? The big problems our players — and I mean the English, Scottish and Irish lads — have got is that by the time they're ready to go to Mexico, they've had one helluva punishing season.

Saint: And keep their standards up. Yes, our boys have got a problem. By the time the end of the season comes, you never want to kick another ball — you're glad it's all over but this time they've got to say 'here we go again' without a break. And you're talking about weeks and weeks away. I've been away as long as six weeks and I know some guys just can't take it.

Greavsie: No, it's not an easy thing for a man, especially young men with young wives and children. I did it as a young man in '62 in Chile. Away we went up into some God-forsaken mountainside never to be heard of for three weeks before the World Cup started and, Christ, by the time it did start, we felt so demoralised, we were never going to win anything. And you're not dealing with experienced men — you're dealing with young men in a highly volatile situation so it's not easy from the Home Countries' point of view. But there are some European countries who adapt better than we do.

Saint: Like the Italians who are used to that sort of thing.

Greavsie: And the Poles — they're glad to get out of Poland! And the Russians are delighted — for them it's either Afghanistan or Mexico! Yes, there are some countries who are quite happy to do this but not ours.

Saint: Some of our players are happy but in a group of 22, maybe half will want to go home after a week and they start affecting the others. What can you do about human emotions?

Greavsie: They're stuck out there for games that last only 90 minutes yet the games never seem to be coming.

Saint: And if they don't go well for you, you think 'what's the point of being here?' The Scots can't take it as much as the English, by the way. Our mentality, our whole way of life, the sort of people we are. . . it's foreign to us to be cooped up and told: 'You can't do this, you can't do that.' That's a challenge to us to get out. I've been with the Scottish players and they can be ingenious.

Greavsie: That's why they wear kilts. . . And why the Black Watch are so famous — because they're all nutters. You send

GROUP C (Leon & Irapuato)

France. As reigning European Champions, the French must be in with a shout. They can certainly produce some Cordon-Bleu football, evading suicide tackles with those disdainful Gallic shrugs, and in Platini, Giresse, Tigana and Fernandez, have a midfield that will serve up the tournament's tastiest moves. But they may rely too heavily on Platini.

Canada. Reluctantly, the Canadians won't be sending their ice-hockey team, who might have been more at home on the big occasion than their predominantly ex-pat-based British part-timers, half of whom are drawing Canadian dole! Like their Commonwealth cousins, the Aussies, they are physically strong and will defend well, which they may well have to.

Soviet Union. Perennial dark horses, it is surprising the Soviet Union has not been able to get its collective act together on the soccer field as it does in the Olympics. Fit, strong in the tackle and fast on the break, they have always been let down by finishing that suggests it's the salt mines if you miss — so they snatch their shots and trudge off accordingly. However, some sort of four year plan appears to have been in operation since their dismal effort in Spain.

Hungary. Although the Magyars have never recaptured the magic of their early fifties' side, which devoured England as if we were a bowl of goulash, they can never be discounted. Played some great stuff to top their qualifying group and their 1985 record was second only to their Soviet masters.

GROUP D (Guadalajara)

Brazil. For once the bookies may not have done their homework! To make Brazil favourites, they have ignored form and fitness, managerial disarray and an exodus of stars while relying entirely on history and a hunch. Beaten by England on their own ground in 1984, without a manager until Tele Santini returned in January and with half their players either injured or in Italy, the Brazilians were going to be struggling to do the Samba around defences this time. Let's hope they do well for they, more than anyone, have made football 'a beautiful game'. And they're probably worth a tenner, too. Bank on the bookies.

Spain. For all the passion and pesetas the game generates, Spain has never matched at national level what its greatest club, Real Madrid, has achieved and are not fancied to alter things in Mexico. Abysmal travellers.

Algeria. If any team was entitled to get the hump, it was Algeria who produced the upset of the last World Cup by beating West Germany before falling foul of that infamous Austro-German pact and returning to the desert having played three and won two but with nothing to show for it. Now they're back with their short-passing game and skills honed in the French League, so they could do better.

Northern Ireland. Only an Irish manager could be thrown in with Brazil and say: 'It's an excellent draw,' but we know what Billy Bingham means. His main worry is Old Father Time, who has not only crept up on Pat Jennings but is gaining fast on Gerry Armstrong and Martin O'Neill.

them out in front, don't you. You let them get killed and then the intelligent ones come on behind.

Saint (Chuckling): We're the brave ones.

Greavsie: Yes, that's why the Scots are to be admired — that's their nature.

Holmes: And the Irish?

Greavsie: They're the same.

Saint: They're too busy singing and having a piss-up.

Greavsie: Actually, they're happy with their lot. They're going there better equipped than anybody — as long as they catch the right plane!

Saint: The Irish are that sort of people — they'll make the best of whatever they've got. You get a group of Irishmen together and all they want to do is have a nice sing-song. They're not under the same pressure as England and Scotland. Our players really get put under the microscope whereas the Irish will say: 'Well done, lads,' — just for getting there.

Greavsie: Yeah, when Billy Bingham says: 'Great, we're playing Brazil and Spain', you believe him, and they're happy to be doing that.

Holmes: Ian, back to Scotland: because you have such a lousy draw and no one will be expecting anything, this just might be the occasion you pull something off?

Greavsie (interjecting): No chance!

Saint: Who said that, Hans Christian Anderson?

Holmes: Well, this time you do have a goalkeeper.

Greavsie: Yes, Jim Leighton is a good 'keeper and can be relied upon — I think. But he's going to be a busy man.

Holmes: Now who do you think is going to get through the first stage?

Greavsie: From Group A, you've got to say Argentina and then it's between Italy and Bulgaria for the second spot — and Bulgaria are not a bad side so it could be a squelchy homecoming for the Italians.

Holmes: South Korea?

Greavsie: They're supposed to be a good side — if they had the opposition, they could be a real force but they've probably not enough experience at the moment.

Holmes: Group B?

Greavsie: I think Paraguay and Mexico. Belgium could be a little over the hill and Iraq won't do a great deal, will they — unless it's a great arms deal. In Group C you're going to have a couple of European nations go through. The Russians play an effective style but it never seems enough to win things. In Northern Ireland's group (D), none of us would be too surprised if Billy (Bingham) got his men through.

Saint: I'd go for Brazil and Spain.

Greavsie: In Group E, you've got to say West Germany and Uruguay against Scotland and Denmark. . .

Saint: I think I would dispute that. . .

Greavsie: You'd go for Denmark?

Saint: I think Scotland could get there although I wouldn't say we'd win the group.

Greavsie: Yeah, you could make it through the back door. And I think England could do the same.

Saint: The Poles have a very good World Cup record — if we'd done as well as they have, we'd be happy.

Greavsie: At the end of the day, I think you're looking at Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and Mexico for the winners.

Holmes: How dependant will England be on Bryan Robson's fitness?

Greavsie: Very dependant.

Saint: He's their inspiration, their best player. When it comes to the crunch, he can win a game but without him, England don't look a side at all.

Greavsie: No, we haven't got a replacement for him.

Saint: And I don't think you've got a great defence, either — Shilton could be a busy man, too.

CONTINUED ON P146

GROUP E (Queretaro & Neza)

West Germany. Not quite the force they were in the '70s but as England and Holland know, they are one nation you never write off. In Karl-Heinz Rummenigge, they possess Europe's most lethal attacker but with one of the continent's most cultured midfield creators, Bernd Schuster, still not prepared to play for his country, they will not be as strong as they might.

Uruguay. But for the battle of the River Plate, Uruguay's biggest impact on history might well have been winning the World Cup twice (1930 and 1950) which, for a population half that of London, is not a bad per capita performance. And as South American champions, they must fancy making it a hat-trick — even if they can gather their players from around the world. Tough, but talented.

Scotland. Though the tough draw has done the Scots a favour by keeping their feet firmly on the ground, it will take all the resolution of the present regime to guide them through to the knock-out stage. Skipper Graeme Souness must quickly stamp his authority on his own men rather than those flying Uruguayan boots and it could be that goalie, Jim Leighton, has been discovered in the nick of time. We will also see if the rest of the Aberdonian defence is really made of granite and, if so, the predatory instincts of Charlie Nicholas and Frank McAvennie could well snatch a surprise. Two other vital men are going to be the young lion rampant, Paul McStay in midfield and the wise old head of Kenny Dalglish.

Denmark. No longer to be 'had for breakfast' by the bigger European nations, the Danes are the nearest thing to the great Dutch side of the '70s except they don't have a Cruyff. However, Europe is finding their footballers as tasty as their other exports and if they can cope with their first big occasion overseas. There's nothing like a Dane.

GROUP F (Monterrey)

Poland. No one will ever forget what the Poles did to England in 1973. Alf Ramsey's men dished out so much punishment, that if it had been boxing, the referee would have stopped the fight. Yet it was Poland who won on what might be described as a 'low blow' — a shot that squirmed under Peter Shilton's belt. Since then they have earned their seeding and once again could be England's bête noir. Always well-organised at the back.

Morocco. As in 1970 — their only other appearance in the finals — they will be no push-over and, like their North African neighbours, Algeria, play a neat, short-passing game based on a sound defence. Their goalkeeper, Badou Ezaki, was only beaten once in the preliminaries and the team put as much faith in him as they do in Islam. Heat trained and hungry.

Portugal. Another of England's famous adversaries, the Portuguese, after threatening to spoil the party in 1966, remembered they were supposed to be our oldest allies and obligingly lost 2-1 in an epic semi-final at Wembley. Yet that is their only previous appearance in the finals — a record even worse than Spain's, and, like their Iberian neighbours, they, too, boast an outstanding club in Benfica. But now they have discovered 'a new Eusebio', Fernando Gomes, they'll be hoping for an improvement.

England. Having described Monterrey as the 'Hell of Mexico', England manager Bobby Robson has a diplomatic, as well as sporting mission, on his hands. And with a team that's inferior to the one Alf Ramsey brought out as champions in 1970, he's unlikely to get back at Montezuma. He may do better off the field than on it where too much depends on Bryan Robson's fitness and Glenn Hoddle's work-rate. But if Lineker can keep scoring and Butcher bolts down the centre of defence, we might not disgrace ourselves.

FOR FRIENDSHIP, LOVE OR MARRIAGE

'You meet such nice people through Dateline'

Maxine and Roger

Maxine Breed was an independent woman with two teenage sons, who had been very successful in rebuilding her life after the break-up of her marriage. 'I am not a quiet, stay-at-home sort of person. I led a very busy life before I joined Dateline. I played various sports, sat on several committees and socialised quite a bit. I had a number of men friends — but they were not romantic links. I started to think about Dateline because I feel if you have been married for any length of time, you do miss having a commitment to another person. I joined Dateline in the hope that I would meet men with a lasting relationship in mind.'

Maxine has recently married Roger Heggs, a landscape designer, who had joined Dateline to 'do something about his lifestyle.' When he inquired he had been impressed with the quality of literature supplied about Dateline and had joined immediately. Maxine was the second person he contacted. 'I thought she was incredibly beautiful, when I opened the door I couldn't believe it!' Roger proposed several times to Maxine before she finally agreed to marry him. 'Maxine wanted to wait three years, but in the end she compromised on two. I couldn't believe my ears when she finally said yes!'

If all your friends are married, you're not meeting anyone at work, you've moved to a new area or you are newly single again, joining Dateline is really just a sensible way of meeting lots of compatible people, and perhaps someone special…

● ***WHO JOINS DATELINE?***

People just like you! Currently 2,000 people a month join Dateline, so you probably already know people who have used Dateline or met through Dateline.

People who join Dateline come from all over the country — from farms, villages, market towns and cities. The problems of meeting people are not confined to any particular locality. The backgrounds and occupations of Dateline members are equally varied — MP's, surveyors, solicitors, engineers, doctors, journalists, teachers, secretaries, stockbrokers, nurses, chemists, receptionists, bus drivers and even zoo keepers. Loneliness is classless. What all Dateline members have in common is an optimistic, positive attitude in tackling the problem practically. Meeting someone special is difficult, but after that the romance is easy.

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20 years of experience, and a caring approach, give us a justifiable pride in the professional, reliable and confidential service we provide.

● ***WE CARE***

We want your membership of Dateline to be successful, whether it's friendship, love or marriage you are seeking, so our Dateline system and personal service are geared to cater for your individual requirements.

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HIGHWAY TO HELL

MITSUBISHI

Through desert and jungle, nearly 9,000 miles, they fought the elements. Only one in five made it to the finish in the Paris-Dakar rally.

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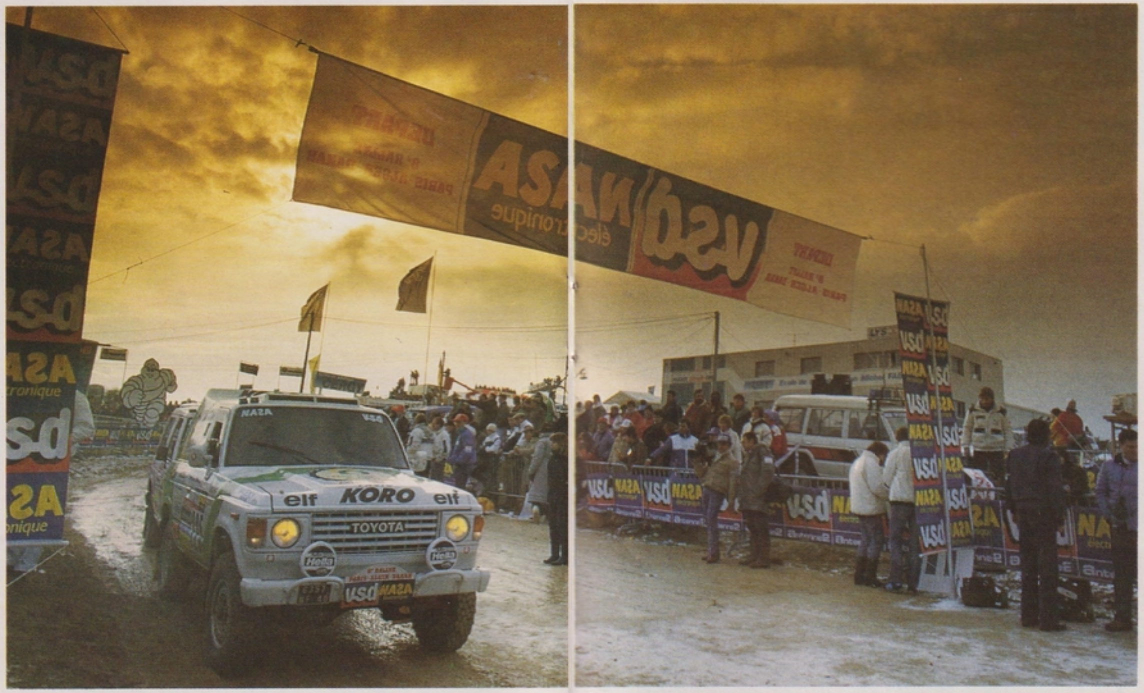

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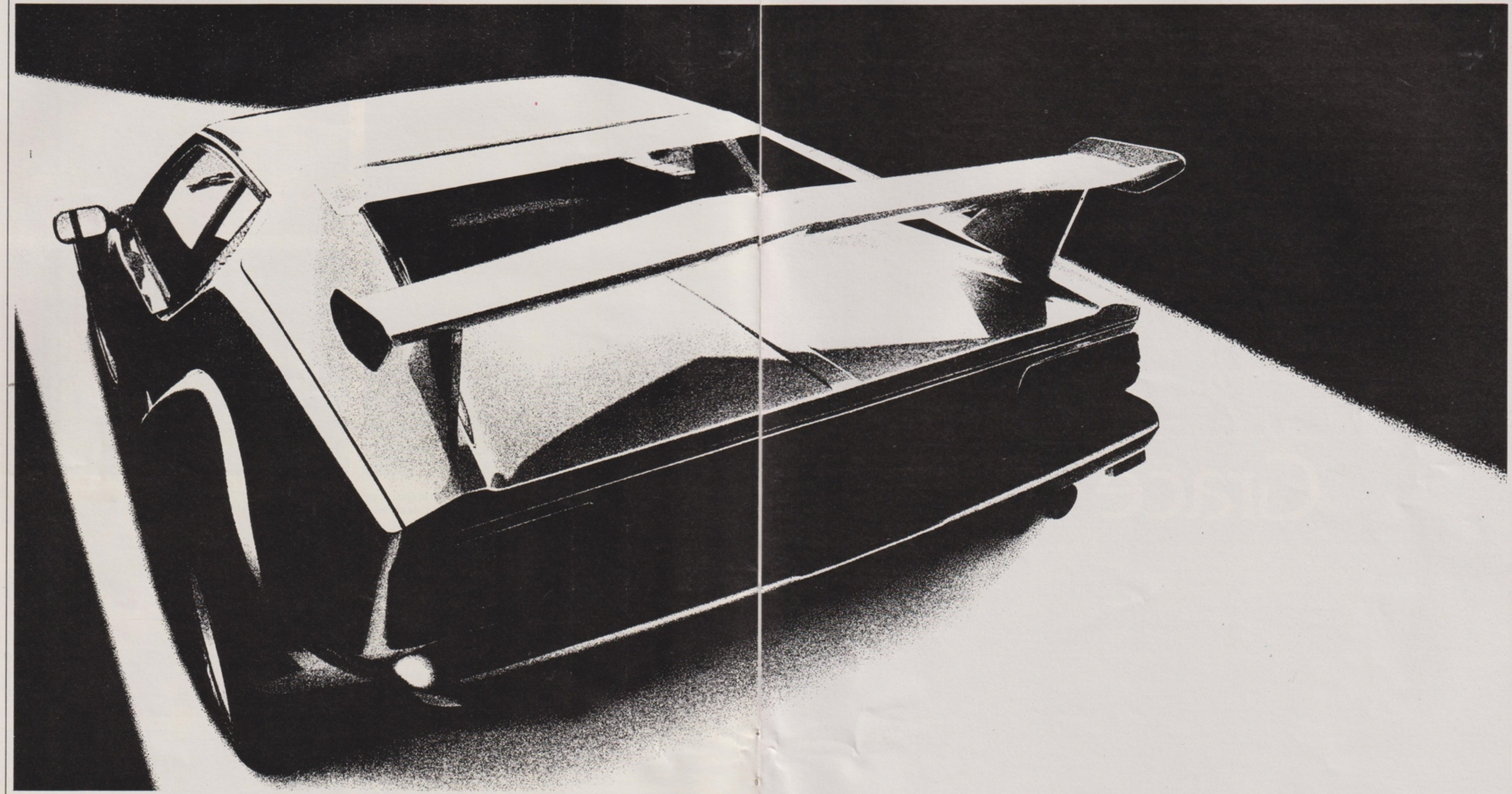
In a snowy Paris on New Year's Day, the scorching, flyblown Senegal capital of Dakar seemed to be in another world. In fact, by plane it was only a few hours away. But the 123 motorcycles, 281 cars and 72 trucks that left that morning were doing it the hard way: 14,000 kilometres, a winding route through France, Algiers, the central Sahara and West Africa, grinding through the gruelling and treacherous terrain that makes the Paris-Dakar rally the most punishing motoring event on earth.

It took 28 days for the convoy to complete the course — what was left of the convoy, that is. The world's top rally manufacturers spend millions developing machines that are capable of withstanding the punishment Africa hands out, but the survivors are few: 29 bikes and 54 cars made it.

It was the superb combination of speed and stamina that ensured a double victory for Rothmans Porsche in the results. The French team of Rene Metge and Dominique Lemoyne streaked in first with a time of 41 hours 26 minutes, proving the sheer mechanical superiority of the Porsche 959 car. Nearly two hours behind were Jacky Ickx, the veteran World Endurance series champ, and team-mate Claude Brasseur.

But it was the bikes that bought the hard part of the deal. Staying the course in a rally car or support truck is far from comfortable: crossing the Sahara on a Honda 750 pushes hard men beyond the limits of pain, but they plunged themselves into an attack on the desert dirt tracks and jungle mud with astounding bravery and strength. Nineteen eighty-five winner Gaston Rahier mounted a strong challenge which failed only after numerous severe falls from his BMW bike. This left Rothmans Honda rider Cyril Neveu free to take the race with a finishing time of 72 hours 49 minutes.

The Paris-Dakar rally offers its competitors sweat, pain, and the constant risk of injury or death. And, perversely, that's where much of the attraction lies. The final word must go to the Porsche team mentor, Jackie Ickx: 'Endurance is a different proposition from pure speed. It takes a different kind of man to race in the wild, taking all that nature can throw at him. Once you've been through Paris-Dakar, racing on a track is just playing at driving cars.'



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Grace

It's not often you find someone as truly pleasant and accommodating as Grace. Grace is one of those girls who would bend over backwards to please anybody. Rarely one to say no, she's quick to please and slow to complain. 'I find it very difficult to turn anyone down,' she beams. 'I'm a sucker for a sorrowful look. I guess I'm a big softie. Perhaps I should have become a nun.'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SHOEN

Despite her seemingly limitless streak of benevolence she's not what you'd call a pushover. Indeed, those who have attempted to take advantage of Grace's good nature have been sent walkies with their tails wedged firmly between their legs. 'I may be nice, but I'm not stupid,' she points out, breaking into one of her infectious grins that are hard not to smile back at.

'I can always tell when someone is on the take,' claims Grace. 'They have a certain look that is hard to define but easy to recognise. I can spot them a mile off.'

With her gregarious nature, good looks and perception this would-be saint is one of the nicest young ladies we have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

Have you got what a woman wants? And will she take what you've got to offer? *Mitchell Symons* hits the street to find out exactly what the fairer sex are after.

What Turns Women On?

Scenario: You're sitting at a table in a night-club, aimlessly wondering where the management gets off charging £5 for half a pint of alcohol-free beer (i.e. lager), when a truly amazing woman walks in — on her own. Assuming for a second (even though you can't these days) that she's in the market to be pulled, who's the more likely to succeed: that 6'3" muscular, fair-haired Adonis strutting around on the dance-floor or that fat, balding, badly-dressed bloke in the corner? Your guess would be as useless as mine.

Trouble is, it's impossible to tell exactly what it is that turns women on. If you believe the after-shave commercials, then it's easy: splash it on all over and they'll splash all over you, like bees round a honey-pot. And if you can't believe that then you obviously still believe in Santa Claus or, even more incredibly, in England's World Cup chances. There's got to be more to pulling than ponging, for if there weren't then my mate Tim, who uses gallons of the stuff (including the one for 'men who don't have to try *too* hard' ha ha!), would actually be able to get himself laid. So far – no good.

Tim, of course, is merely an extreme example of the rest of mankind's inability to get to grips (literally as well as metaphorically) with the female of the species. It is a problem that has bothered men throughout the centuries but the trouble is that historians, on the whole a prudish bunch, have always tended to focus on the non-sexual aspects of history. We, on the other hand, *know* why King Alfred burnt the cakes and it certainly wasn't 'bowls' that Sir Francis Drake was playing when the Spanish Armada was lining up for the Sixteenth Century equivalent

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY ORMESHER

of a soccer international. No, they were all attempting, probably unsuccessfully, to cock a leg and weightier matters like cuisine and boating forays could go hang for all that they cared.

Possibly I'm doing our glittering ancestors a disservice. There's no empirical reason why one should judge these blokes by the standards of the blokes I knock around with. On the other hand, if there's one thing more universal than a loathing for estate agents, it's the perennial capacity of the male to screw up any possible sexual dalliance — and I'm sure that that holds good for the past as well as the present. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, as we always like to say in Shepherd's Bush.

However, everyone knows *one* bloke who has the knack to pull at will: the sort of bloke who instinctively knows the way to a girl's heart and, more importantly, the path to that girl's hearth. For that lucky bloke, the only question to be answered is 'What's she going to cook me for breakfast?' or, and this is why he succeeds where you and I (or at least I) fail.

The successful bloke that I'm thinking of is called Bill. We used to work in the same office and I can vouch for the fact that his telephone never stopped ringing with the most incredible propositions — and they weren't from dogs either: I know, because they used to pitch up at the office if they couldn't get any satisfaction (so to speak) on the phone. If I were the sort of sexist bastard whose consciousness had not been raised, I would have no hesitation in describing them as 'thoroughbreds right down to the last filly'.

The interesting thing about Bill was that he was, as human beings go, a fairly horrible specimen. For a start, he was 40 years old — but not a Robert Redford 40, more of a Leon Brittan 40. He bit his nails, had limp, greasy hair and, generally, had no idea of fashion. Worst of all, he was an incipient alcoholic and was regularly overcome by the shakes. And yet women would fall over each other in an attempt to fool around with him.

Bill himself put his success down to charm: his ability to make each woman feel that, even if only for one night, she was the most important person in his life. I don't know if that's true or not, but I tried it and it certainly didn't work for me. No, I reckon that Bill was trying to explain or rationalise something that couldn't be explained or rationalised. Somehow, somewhere, he had stumbled unwittingly across the magic elixir.

Penthouse readers might as well now change their names by deed poll to Bill since, in an exclusive survey, *Penthouse* has taken to the streets of Britain to find out exactly what women want — both initially and, more to the point, subsequently, from a man. Take the results of the survey to heart, commit them to memory and you'll never have to buy another box of man-size tissues in your life.

The Secret of Success

There was a time when the more muscles a man had, the more chances he had of exercising the one that really counts (think about it). No longer! If this survey has anything in common with previous polls on the subject, it is in the irrefutable rebuttal of the notion that women are attracted to freaks whose arms are wider than ordinary men's legs. This will come as bad news to Sylvester Stallone and Arnold Schwarzenegger if they're planning a trip to these shores but then they can console themselves with the thought that they're paid handsomely not to look handsome. What's your excuse?

On the basis of this survey, Britain's women — whatever their personal preferences — overwhelmingly agree that looks and appearances most most initially, while personality and a sense of humour are what count thereafter. The message is therefore clear: if you want to score, look smart, smile and then make them smile.

Of course, there are one or two other things that women look for initially in a bloke. Top of the list is a small or pert bum. This is depressing for those of us with sturdier posteriors and thoroughly frustrating for pert-bummed blokes who feel unable to approach women backwards so as to offer them a decent view. Personally, I blame the media for shoving Rod Stewart down women's throats — in a manner of speaking — to the extent that the little darlings won't stand for anything less (or, rather, *more*).

The clothes you wear and your general appearance also seem to matter a lot: they're the most important factor for over a fifth of the women surveyed. When questioned closer, the respondents agreed that quite what a man wears is unimportant (although leather jackets were popular) but that whatever he does wear must fit properly and look good on him. So, if you're looking to pull at least one in five of the women you approach (a better striking rate than you're currently enjoying if you're reading this far into the survey analysis, I'll wager), then dress properly for your build and bearing. Jeans and T-Shirts might be fine if you look like Nick Heyward or Limahl (bad luck) but if you're a big bloke, you're going to look a lot better in smart clobber. Take it from one who knows, a decent suit will cover a multitude of sins and more than a few pints.

Apart from your clothes, there's not an awful lot else you can do to improve your chances, since nature either did or didn't endow you with most of the popular attributes cited by our respondents. However, getting or staying trim and fit (not necessarily muscular), washing your hair more than once a month (and don't rinse it in the bath-water unless all the girls you know find 'danny' irresistible) and cultivating a smile that doesn't look like that of a Cabinet Minister on the make might all go some way towards helping you begin to achieve whatever objectives you have in your mind (and other parts of your body).

However arduous a task it might be, attracting a girl in the first place is a damn sight easier than actually persuading her to yield to your innermost desires. How do you turn her on sufficiently to ensure crumpled duvets at dawn? And once you have, how do you convince her that a repeat performance on another occasion might not be a totally awful proposition?

According to our representative sample, a little personality and humour go an awful long way. In the immortal words of Donald O'Connor, 'make 'em laugh, make 'em laugh' and before they've finished giggling you'll be jig-a-jigging. Indeed, well over half the verbal (I forbear to use the word 'oral') answers referred to personality and humour as the greatest turn-ons. Throw in a dash of romance — for example, a surprise weekend in a country hotel (an anonymous card on St. Valentine's Day together with a bar of chocolate will not suffice) — and you've got two thirds of the female population covered: in both senses of the word.

One girl, an attractive blonde in her early 20s, when questioned further on why humour was such a turn-on for her, volunteered more explicit information than one might have expected.

'I remember meeting this guy. We were both on a blind date. I could tell that he was keen but I couldn't stand the sight of him: he was short and fat and not in the least bit handsome. Anyway, there I was working out excuses so I wouldn't have to go home with him, when I stopped to listen to something he was saying about a colleague of his and, suddenly, I was in hysterics. It turned out that my date had a real sense of humour. From there, I was not only prepared to go home with him — I was positively *begging* him to take me. Believe me I don't know when I've felt so turned on — and we are talking *floods*!' Before I could say anything — like 'Gulp!' — she disappeared, like Harry Lime, into thin air. And just when I was about to say something funny too. . .

However, not everyone was so forthcoming — not to say brazen — and so, for the potentially more embarrassing question: 'What Turns You On?', respondents were offered the option of writing down their answers rather than articulating them. For, like the Tory Party, *Penthouse* is all in favour of secret ballots.

Naturally, the written answers were a lot more 'direct' than the verbal replies — sweet, shy things, women — but, nevertheless, they revealed a startling trend. Not one of the top five answers involves sex — in the sense of straight screwing. Romance, humour and personality all appear (in reverse order to their positions in the overall survey) but the two most popular turn-ons, with a third of the 'secret' vote between them, have more to do with fun than fucking.

That's one in the eye for those pathetic, down-market, would-be porn mags that depict women orgasming at the sight of a barely-erect cock. Take it from me — get smoochy. In *real* life, a strategically timed kiss and cuddle will achieve a hell of a lot more than a mumbled 'would you like 12 inches of pure pleasure?' (Yeah, I know, Bruce Springsteen's latest LP.)

But then notions like 'length is strength' are all part of a massive con visited upon us: the unfairer sex. It's all cack. As blokes, we're brought up to believe that a demon car automatically leads to a demon girl — buy yourself a Porsche, my son, and you can't go wrong. Well, you can see the results of the survey: how many females said that they were initially attracted to or turned on by a bloke on the strength of his car? Not one.

That is not to say that having a smart car is a drawback: obviously, it isn't, but nor is it the incredible advantage it's cracked up to be. This is a point worth considering the next time you're invited to shell out a few grand for some turbo-charged tart-catcher.

And then there is the increasing belief, nurtured undoubtedly by some road-shy eunuch, that a gentleman's tackle is inversely proportional to the size of his motor. Now whether you or not this bothers you, it is always comforting to know that any right-minded woman would in no way subscribe to this belief. So next time you're out on the pull fret not about whether to take the Bentley or the Bubblecar.

Similarly, for nearly all the women surveyed, being taken to really expensive places and having money showered on them were not the most important factors. If this survey reveals anything, it is that women would rather be charmed than impressed.

Put yourself in their position: wouldn't you prefer to be taken to a pub by a girl with a great sense of humour, rather than be wined and dined by some terribly precise lady in some solemn, swanky restaurant? Apart from anything, it's a damn sight less intimidating.

Machismo doesn't always permit us to admit it, but, if we're absolutely honest, most blokes value personality and physical warmth a lot more than sexual technique. After all, unless it's only for one night — in which case you feel you want to give them something they'll remember — relationships can't survive if they revolve exclusively round the nightly bout of passion: you've got at least another 23 hours to fill — even if you're a Southport stallion or Romford ram.

In this spirit of unaccustomed honesty and full disclosure of truth, I have a confession to make. Ever time I asked a girl 'what do you find attractive in a man?' I was praying for the answer 'I didn't know until I met you.' But not fucking once — not even a lousy flirtatious smile — from any of the 400+ women.

Maybe I've got it all wrong. Maybe there are substantial differences. You and I would have tried to make the day of a girl asking questions like the ones in the survey, wouldn't we? Ah well, they're a different breed. And, thank God, men don't giggle every time they use the word 'bum'.

Turn ~ on Top Tens

The survey was designed to find out two things: what qualities in a man first attracted women, and what turned women on sexually after that first contact had been made. In all tables the top ten responses are given in order.

All answers to the first question were verbal. Since question two was a little more persona, interviewees were given the option of writing their answers anonymously on reply cards. Well over a third decided to reply in this way, and their responses are given separately: since the embarrassment factor was removed by placing their responses in unmarked envelopes, this table may well be more statistically accurate.

The survey was conducted on February 10-14th, 1986, by interviewing a representative sample of 462 women aged 17-40.

Question 1: 'What, initially, attracts you to a man?'

1	Small/pert bum	24%
2	Clothes/smart appearance	21%
3=	Eyes	11%
3=	Slim build	11%
5	Smile	10%
6	Height/tall	6%
7=	Charm	4%
7=	Hair	4%
9	Bulge in trousers	3%
10	Voice/laugh	2%

Other responses (too infrequent to make the top ten answers in the survey) included:

*A man wearing a hat (interestingly, the response of a young girl).
*A man wearing cashmere.
*Clean fingernails.
*Not too tall (the response of an extremely diminutive girl).
*Wearing jewellery.
*Wearing beautiful shoes.
*White teeth.
*A nice smile.

Question 2: 'When you're with a man, what turns you on?'
Verbal replies:

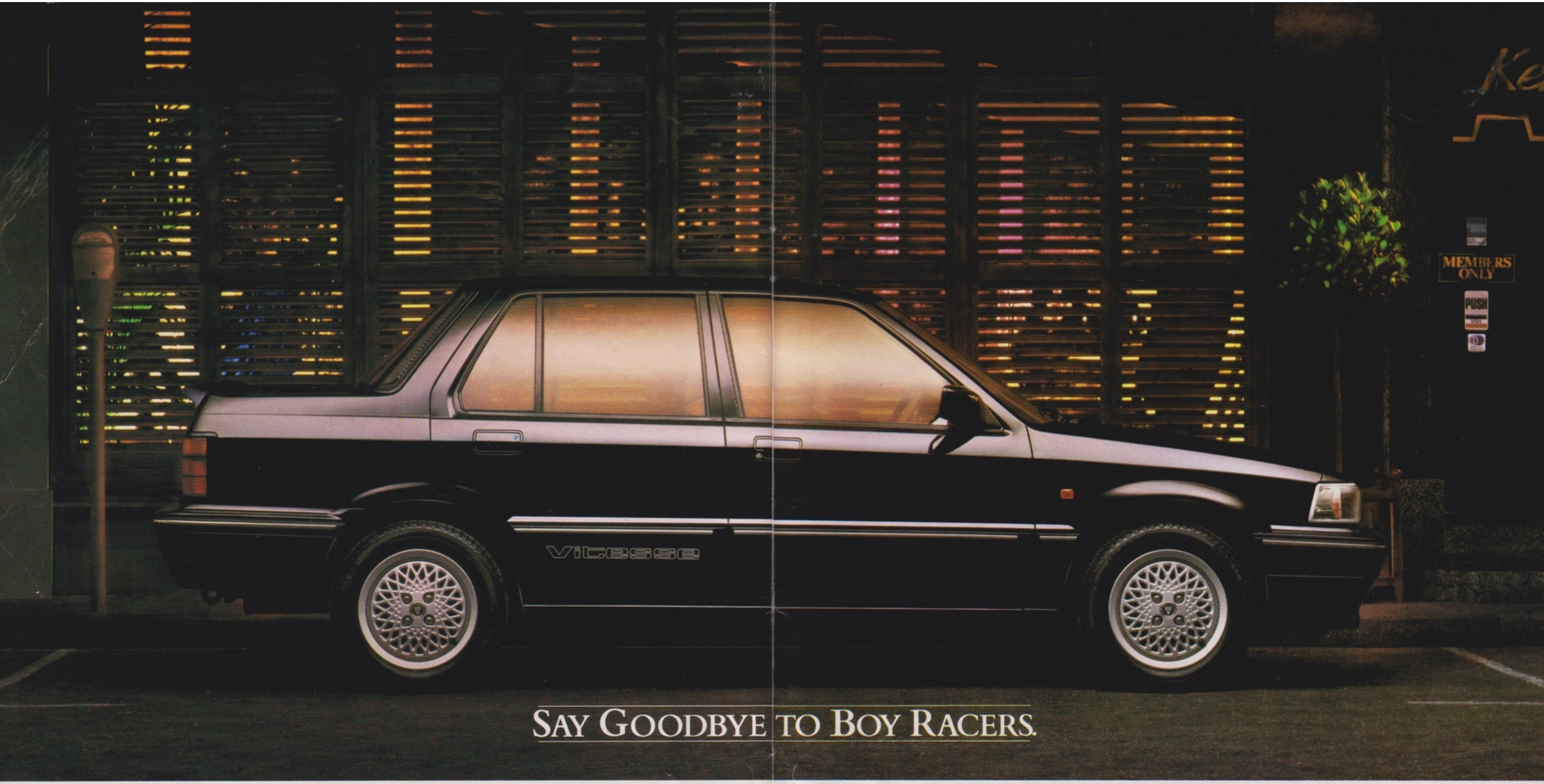
1	Personality	35%
2	Humour/makes me laugh	19%
3	Romance	12%
4	Being treated like a lady	7%
5=	Having back massaged/rubbed/scratched	6%
5=	Being caressed/tickled	6%
7	Being taken to great places/restaurants	5%
8=	Having breasts sucked/kissed/stroked	2%
8=	Having sex/orgasms	2%
8=	Being with a well-dressed/good-looking man	2%

Written replies:

1	Being caressed/tickled	18%
2	Having back massaged/rubbed/scratched	15%
3	Romance	14%
4	Humour/makes me laugh	12%
5	Personality	9%
6=	Having breasts sucked/kissed stroked	7%
6=	Having sex/orgasms	7%
8	Being licked all over/plated	5%
9	Giving head	4%
10	Long/passionate kisses	3%

Other responses (too infrequent to make the top ten answers in the survey) included:

*Being given lots of money.
*My man smoking a pipe.
*Having my toe-nails clipped.
*Being allowed to take the initiative.
*Long passionate kisses.
*Having a cup of tea and the 'Daily Mail' brought to me in bed.
*The thought of my bloke walking out of the front door without pants on.
*A dirty laugh.
*Talking dirty.
*A yoghurt massage.



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As the summer approaches the uniqueness of the convertible comes into its own. *David Long* slid into the updated Escort XR3i Cabriolet to savour the delights of cruising with the roof down.

GOING TOPLESS

I'm not complaining, I like this job. In general the life of *Penthouse*'s car buff is not one to be sniffed at. Everyone on the staff has a good laugh and the motoring hack is no exception. I drive a few cars, write a few words, all in all it's rather agreeable.

Agreeable, that is, until someone sticks a Spanner in the Works (that's the sort of technical jargon we chuck in every now and then in order to give the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIGHT & LINE

impression that we understand all this stuff). They generally cock things up for you by saying something along the lines of 'Dave, I know it's freezing cold outside, the worst Winter since 1429, but how'd you like to get out there and test the new Ford Escort Cabriolet XR3i?' That's right, it may be the middle of sunny Springtime by the time you get to read it but the legwork was done back in the days when Jumping Jack Frost and the Nought Degrees were at No. 1.

Mind you, I'm being a bit unfair on poor old Ford. They've just relaunched the entire Ford Escort range which has been revamped, face-lifted, restyled and generally improved from bumper to bumper in an effort to ensure that it continues to be Britain's best loved car. That's right, since it was voted European Car of the Year back in 1980, more than four million Escorts have been sold, thereby making it the best selling car in the world, a title it's held for the last five years. (Japan? Are you listening?) Of most immediate interest to the *Penthouse* reader was the XR3 and its fuel-injected sister the XR3i. Whatever unkind things have been said about the XR3, the fact remains that it was this car that gave the hot hatchback its first real leg-up in this country and this car that gave a lot of young Brits the chance to own a moderately sporty, moderately stylish car without upsetting their bank.

The other convertible car in the range was the Cabriolet, a neat top-chop that gave the fortunate owner an open-topped four seater which may have lacked the kudos of the Bentley Corniche but was still just as much fun for a picnic in the country or a good long haul down to the S. of France.

On the one hand speed, style and a bit of a sparkle, on the other a posy but terrific open-top tourer. Something to please everyone? But what about the man who wants everything? Well the main good news for the new Escort range is that this time Ford Management have decided to combine the two thereby producing a car that few could resist. Even at this time of year, and I speak as someone who eschews such naff paraphernalia as a woolly hat and a pair of Blue Max flying goggles, I have to admit that just about any car with the roof off is better than just about any other car with the roof on. I'd happily drive an old banger if the roof came off. I don't know what it is but there's something great about open air motoring, even in the rain. If you've tried it you'll agree, if you haven't you'll never understand it in a billion years.

The modifications to the range are extensive. Ford aren't just subtly updating an old model in an attempt to save themselves the bother of designing a new one. For people interested in the birds and the bees they've developed a range of 'lean burn' engines that will do wonders for economy and the environment but are Strictly Boring to hear about unless you're into all that fossil fuel stuff. They've also redesigned the exterior which, although it remains very much an Escort, is substantially different from its predecessor.

As a result the new Cabriolet is an altogether more attractive package than the old one. Smoother and more rounded, it's a product of the current desire to get cars that are more slippery and hence more efficient at forcing their way through the air. Drag coefficients are what it's all about these days and the new Escort

Cabriolet is well on its way. It still has the squared off tail of the old model but at the front there is barely a straight line to be seen. I'd say that, partly as a result of this new approach, the car looks a lot tougher than before, what with a fairly substantial front airdam and slight skirting to the sides. All this extra bodywork is colour-coded to exactly match the colour of the car and this too does a lot for its appearance.

The main problem with the old style ragtops of yesteryear (and no doubt part of the reason why Ford would have nothing to do with them) was that the unfortunate owner was faced with a wrestling match everytime rain threatened. His opponents, as often as not, were a thousand square yards of heavy wet canvas, two rusting pram irons and a strong north wind determined to prevent the roof being secured in place. I myself have broken finger nails fighting with such contraptions and the sight of a rain-soaked owner screaming obscenities at his recalcitrant ragtop MG is none too rare even now. Ford have solved all this, and I've got to say I'm not sure quite how they've done it. The roof is substantial, there's a lot of fabric needed to cover a cockpit this size, and yet it stubbornly

refuses to be difficult. Easily erected, it's as well-fitting as a featherlite once it's in place. Further attempts at criticism are thwarted by Ford's decision to fit the car with a rear window made of real glass (complete with heating element to aid quick demisting) rather than the usual and stupid polythene affairs with which convertibles are generally equipped. In good weather the whole ensemble flops down in seconds and should bad weather threaten (and in England it will) putting it back up is child's play.

In fact, with this car Ford are well on their way to ironing out all the traditional ills of a conventional convertible. There's no optional hardtop — it doesn't need one. Even at speeds in excess of a hundred the roof proves to be totally leak proof, keeping out rain, spray, wind and excessive noise — something an old-style ragtop could never hope to do — and in fact when in place the soft top is almost as good as the metal original.

Inside it's a similar story. Fords are getting better by the day. The interior has been completely revised and across the range the options include items such as the rapid-demisting windscreen (that works the same way as a heated rear window and will save you ever again having to scrape off the ice before driving to work), multi-speaker stereos fitted with a trick little joystick to adjust left/right and front/rear speakers for balanced stereo, excellent form-hugging front seats, and a muted but stylish red and grey colour scheme throughout.

The engine is one that's been developed by Ford's Special Vehicle Engineering team, a boffin squad whose previous successes include the Capri 2.8i, the phenomenal Sierra RS Cosworth (a turbocharged Porsche-eater) and the chunky little XR2. Once again it's a 1600cc CVH unit, a smooth and flexible engine deal for everyday motoring and well able to excel when pushed hard. The Cabriolet is of course slightly less aerodynamic than its hardtop sister (soft tops always are) but even so the engine can push it along at speeds well in excess of the ton and 0-60 comes up inside 10 seconds. That's not the quickest Ford, not by a long way, but there's something about convertibles that seems to double the speed and quadruple the exhilaration. . . so forget the on-paper statistics.

I'd also like to say a few words about road safety. Not my usual style I agree. In general I've avoided this most boring aspect of motoring and done so for a number of reasons. The first of these is that in the main road safety is a matter of common sense and if you lack that you shouldn't be driving the sort of cars I've been writing about. The other major reason is that the factors that generally contribute to road safety are usually the ones that spoil our fun. It's true, big bumpers make cars uglier, heavy roll-cages make cars slower — everytime legislation is passed to make cars a little safer they become a little more boring and a lot less fun.

The exception to all this is something called ABS. To be brief, this is a system designed by Ford in conjunction with Lucas-Girling that avoids all the traditional hazards of panic braking. Panic braking is what happens when a lorry jack-knifes in front of you on the motorway. You're following it, doing a ton, and sensing impending doom you cry 'Oh Shit' and leap on the brakes. Instead of stopping, your car slews across the road, bounces off the Armco barrier and you're dead. Not nice. With ABS, the wheels don't lock up, you don't skid across the road, instead you come to a nice orderly halt or can even steer round the disaster zone. It really is that simple.

Anti-lock Braking Systems contribute massively to road safety and yet, if anything, make driving even *more* fun since if you've got ABS you can pile into corners much too fast and still come out unscathed. The only catch is the price. Up till now ABS has only been fitted to big expensive cars because it's a big expensive gadget costing anywhere between one and two grand. Ford have got the price down to about £300.

An Escort Cabriolet XR3i, if fitted with Ford's new anti-lock braking system, is the ideal compromise: fast, fun *and* safe. If you've never had a convertible, now's the time — you may think XR3s are fun, but try one with the roof off. You'll love it, and so will she.

Penthouse would like to thank Barry Reynolds at Ford for a good couple of days in the Cotswolds and the XR3i. The Cabriolet XR3i costs £9,816.55 and is worth every penny.

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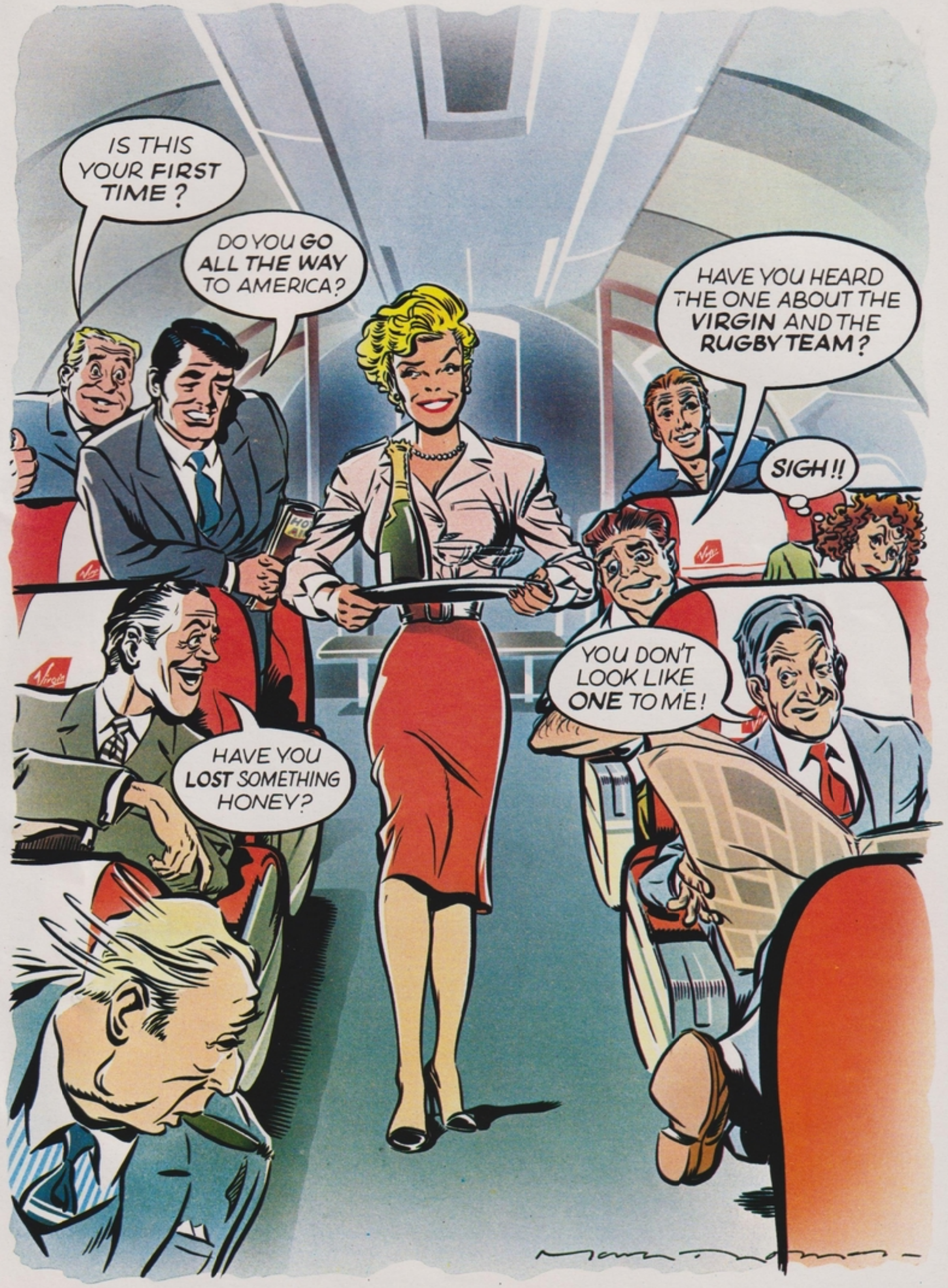
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STRING HER A LINE

Emma Congreve from Liverpool says she was always something of a rebel — that's how she ended up in the pages of *Penthouse*, and on our special phone line. 'Mum and Dad had a career as an accounts clerk all worked out for me. They'd put down a deposit on a flat for me. They'd even got a husband lined up!' But now Emma's broken away from all that, and she can tell you about her new life when you phone **0077 12389** — from the 01 dialling area only at the Irish Republic rate.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BOXER

'Liverpool's really a great city,' she says, 'but I was living in the suburbs. . . and you can't get much more straight-laced than the Liverpool suburbs, whatever they say on Brookside!' With Emma around, we can hardly believe it. . .

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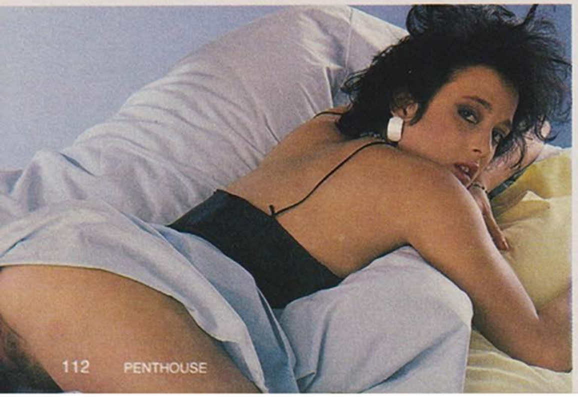

So I had to get out. It was the job that did it, really. I don't know how many of the people who'll read this have ever been accounts clerks, but I hope for their sake it's not many. It makes Wogan seem interesting. Now I've gone into modelling, there's a *lot* of interesting things going on. . .'

Just one question for the scouse siren: why all the black underwear? 'It's in mourning for my virginity. I lost it. . . ooh, some time ago now. And I've been wearing black silk underwear ever since!'

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> He knelt between my legs and opened them, raising them and pulling them apart so I was completely exposed to him.

THE FORUM CONNECTION

BY ROBERT BATES

Through the personal advertisement section of our sister magazine *Forum,* you can find every variety of human sexual experience. In this series *Penthouse* talks to women and men from all walks of life who have advertised for every kind of friend and lover through *Forum.*

Lake District/Cumbria: are you a country girl at heart? Open air type? Then I'd like to meet you. My name's Bob, I'm 30, I have a small, remote cottage and I've been too long without feminine company. PS I can cook, too. Box xxx.

S. Wales: Visiting stud, well endowed, handsome, virile. All fantasies catered for. Discretion guaranteed. Ladies only. No charge. Box xxx.

S. London/Kent: couple (M/28. F/25) seek similar, discreet attractive pair for mutual pleasure and fun. We are civilised but uninhibited, thoughtful but imaginative. Wife slightly bi. Box xxx.

Nicky flung herself down in the office, crossed one long elegant leg over the other and lit a cigarette. Not, we thought, an open-air type. But we were wrong! She was, she told us, 23 and lived with her parents on their farm just outside Kendal in the Lake District. She had, in fact, just graduated from London University with a respectable degree in classics.

Penthouse: So why did you feel the need to answer an ad in *Forum,* Nicky?

Nicky: Boredom, sheer boredom.

Penthouse: Weren't you worried, you know, about local gossip, that sort of thing?

Nicky: Good heavens, that never occured to me. After all, there's nothing to stop a girl dropping in on a bloke for tea one afternoon, is there?

Penthouse: You went for tea?

Nicky: As it happens, yes. He wrote back with his phone number, so I rang him. I knew I could borrow my mother's car any time I wanted, so I suggested running over one afternoon, more or less to spy out the land, if you know what I mean. His cottage was remote, halfway up a hillside with a simply heavenly view. I'd got it into my head he would be a farmer, or at least have a small-holding with goats and stuff. But, no, he was — would you believe — an *architect!* He had this fabby studio at the back of the house . . . but, anyway, you don't want to hear about that. So I arrived and parked the car on the road

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and walked up to the door. I'd been in agony about what to wear and finally I decided on a sensible tweed skirt and a light jacket. But I'd better be honest and tell you I was secretly hoping he would be a smasher and we'd get it together on the spot. So I was just wearing, under the jacket, a plain white shirt with no bra. I was hoping the image was right, country girl and all that. I was nearly at the door when it opened and out he strode to meet me. Well, if I'd thought for a month I couldn't have come up with a more typical countrified guy. He was tall and lean, he'd got these dark brown corduroy trousers on, a shirt and green pullover, green wellies, flat hat, and a pipe! Well, I managed to keep a straight face because he has such a nice face and looked so anxious. We shook hands very heartily and he took the pipe out of his mouth to smile at me. He seemed much older than 30 to me, but not *old* old, if you know what I mean. I suppose I was so used to mixing with young kids at university. Anyway we stood there chatting a bit, you know, small talk, how I'd got there and so on. Then he suggested we went for a walk while the weather was so nice. So off we went, up the hill behind his house.

Penthouse: Frankly, you sound as if you'd decided to hook him from the word go . . .?

Nicky: You could be right. I was a bit sex starved myself, if the truth be known.

Penthouse: So there you were, walking up the hill . . .

Nicky: His hand slipped inside my jacket and felt for my breast. He told me later that he was astonished to find I wasn't wearing a bra. Apparently his ex-wife thought going braless was disgusting so the idea had a strong appeal for him. I could tell that by the way he fondled my breast through my cotton shirt. He moulded it and fingered it and squeezed it as if he'd never met one before. My tits are quite sensitive and I like a man to play with them, but I did think he was going beyond the call of duty. But then he found my nipple which was already quite stiff. He rubbed his forefinger over it and I felt it go quite rigid. He found my left breast too and then started to undo my shirt. I couldn't stop him, I was quite carried away by it all. The breeze felt quite cool on my flesh as he exposed my breasts. Carefully he pulled my shirt wide open so they both stood there, white and round with their hard pink tips. He stood back to gaze at them, stretched out his hands to touch them both at the same time, then he leaned down and kissed them, one after the other, his strong firm lips leaving a trail of moisture along the pathway between them. I wanted to return the compliment and get my hands on his body, but somehow it didn't seem right at that point, he seemed so drawn into himself as he concentrated on me. I hoped he wasn't going to undo my skirt too, though, because it wasn't all that hot a day. But no, he was quite happy with a little breast worship for the time being. He took me in his arms once more and my naked breasts were squashed flat against his pullover and as I pressed against him I discovered to my excitement that he was harbouring quite a respectable length of very hard flesh down there somewhere underneath his baggy corduroy pants. That, I decided, would be my pleasure after tea. Which was the next thing he suggested — tea, I mean. So I tucked myself in and we set off down the hill.

He made tea and we sat at the kitchen table drinking it, sharing a tin of chocolate biscuits. I as famished after the walk. We chatted about all kinds of things — that's when I found out about his studio at the back of the house. I watched him as he moved around, admiring his athletic body and his thick black hair. It was dead straight and just long enough to hang over his collar — exactly as I like it. The backs of his hands were hairy too, and his knuckles which started to turn me on in quite a different way. You see, my last boyfriend had been rich and brilliant, but he had also been fair, pink and virtually hairless. So the prospect of this older man, all lean hard muscle and hairy as a goat really made me squeeze my thighs together. I must have been letting off some pretty powerful pheremones by this time because Bob suddenly stopped what he was doing, looked down at me and said, 'Let's make love' — just like that. 'Why not?' I answered airily, but that was just nerves. He led me upstairs to his bedroom. It was quite small and the big bed took up most of the space. The only other furniture was a chest of drawers and a chair, but the carpet and curtains were nice and there were some pleasant pictures on the wall. He shut the door and put his hands on my shoulders, gently pushing me backwards onto the bed. He followed and lay, half on top of me, kissing me again and pulling my shirt out of my skirt. His mouth was all over my breasts, tonguing and slurping. He buried his face in between them and pushed them up against his cheeks. I ran my hands through his hair and pulled at his pullover. I couldn't get it off, but I hoped he'd get the message. While we were writhing in that first embrace I managed to kick off my shoes and unzip the side of my skirt so when his hand went down to the waistband it started to slide down at once. Quickly he pulled it away and I was lying there in just my knickers — clean, white cotton, very virginal. His hand went straight between my legs and he cupped his palm over my sex, holding tight. He must have felt me throbbing and quivering because just that strong, firm pressure was making me feel warm and wet and wonderful. Suddenly he sat up and tugged his sweater over his head then bent over to pull his socks off. I turned him so I could undo his shirt, slowly button by button, letting my hand slip onto his bare flesh as I got it undone. I pulled it back over his shoulders and found to my surprise that he hadn't got hairy chest at all. His skin was brown and smooth as marble. He was a well-muscled guy though with a well-defined chest and tiny hard, almost black nipples. Then he stood up and with his back to me dropped his trousers and underpants. So *that's* where all the hair went I thought. There was a thick curly patch at the base of his spine and it extended to cover his buttocks in a smooth, dark fur coat. And as he turned round his penis seemed gigantic swinging there inches from my face, and it grew from the densest undergrowth I could imagine. I stretched out a hand to touch his penis, running my fingers along its length. He stiffened as I stroked and by the time I was rubbing my fingertip round the purple bulgy bit at the end he was rock hard. I couldn't resist it, I eased towards him and took it in my mouth and heard him sigh as I tried to get as much of him inside me as I could. I held his balls and felt the thick soft hairs between his legs and stroked his thighs as my mouth worked on his cock. He had a rich, musky smell which I hadn't come across before on any of the men I'd known. It seemed very male, very mature and I reached round to grab his hard buttocks and pull him even closer to me. But I felt his hand on my head, he was pushing me away, very gently but very firmly. He was right, he'd been without a woman for a long time and I didn't want to bring this scene to a premature conclusion. He slipped back on the bed beside me and pushed me onto my back, then he knelt up and eased my knickers down, running his hands along my legs as he pulled them off. Then he knelt between my legs and opened them, raising them and pulling them apart so I was completely exposed

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to him. I'm a natural blonde, you know, so my pussy hairs don't hide much. I knew he would be seeing everything, my pink moist lips now parting eagerly and shiny with moisture. I arched my back to meet him as his head went down and that strong, expert tongue started to trace the outlines of my lips and explore inside until he found my clit. Then he started tonguing me in earnest, using fast flicks that drove me into a state of high tension. His hands roamed up my body, moving over my flesh as far as he could reach. I wrapped my thighs round his head, clutching him to me and his hands reached under my bottom forcing me even closer. By this time I was writhing in agony. My whole body was building up towards a climax and I knew from experience that my orgasms would come in a series of unstoppable waves. But I wanted him inside me as well. I wanted everything at that moment. Suddenly I felt him take his face away. I wrenched myself to the present and glanced down at him. He was climbing back onto the bed and quite roughly he forced me over onto my face. I had a sudden cold feeling inside, but then he grabbed my waist and made me take up a kneeling position. He placed his hand on my neck forcing my face down onto the pillow so that my bottom was sticking up in the air. The bed creaked as he took up a kneeling position behind me and the head of his cock nudged against my pussy which was hanging there, dripping with expectation. He slid in with ease — I'd never accommodated such a very large man before and I was looking forward to it. It certainly came up to expectations as he thrust in getting used to the feel and shape of me. His hands caught my swinging breasts and squeezed for a second as he got into a steady, pounding rhythm. Once again my body started to respond. His hands slid from my breasts to my belly, to my hips and he pulled me into him. Then a hand found its way down between my legs and just touched my clitoris. I moaned and he began making little circular movements, not on it — but round it. The effect was mind-bending and my orgasms crashed around my ears like a succession of waves thundering on a beach. For a minute or two I lost contact with reality as a gave in to the sensations. Then I was lying on my back, panting and sweating and Bob was stretched out beside me. His cock was still hard, it was resting across my belly. I touched it gently. The shaft was slippery. My eyes asked him. Did you . . .? His responded. Yes . . . Aloud, he said. 'I thought we'd do it again, only taking our time over it. When you're ready, of course . . .'

Penthouse: And so afternoon turned into evening and . . .

Nicky: I did have to return my mother's car before she went to a W.I. meeting at eight, but we did have time for a second bout. In fact we had time for several return matches over the next few weeks. Did I tell you? I've got this job as an architect's assistant. Quite close to home, too.

Penthouse: Thank you. Let's hope all *Forum* readers have such fun. ⚷

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Living It Up

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Eating Out

GREASE IS THE WORD

GREASY SPOONS have rarely been synonymous with the *Penthouse* lifestyle but that is not to say their existence should be ignored altogether. The name alone is sufficiently extreme and evocative to merit a worthy mention. And they don't half come in handy round about breakfast time following a night of general misbehaviour and self-abuse.

Greasy Spoons were originally known as 'caffs' and despite the basic nature of their fare did, from time to time, acquire a certain degree of popularity and even respectability.

Transport cafes, such as one discovers along the more quaint A-roads of our green and soaking land, have always been the definitive greasy spoons. Motorway services are far too standardised, not to mention expensive. For at this moment in time passing the Spoon Test involves satisfying most if not all of the following criteria.

Solid if ramshackle furniture, with none of the chairs round each table entirely matching; checked plastic table cloths containing at least one cigarette burn per square foot; stained, hand-scrawled menus advertising 'specials' as roast chicken and three veg (which all taste and look the same) or if it's a Monday, the remains of the Sunday joint; more brands of vinegared-down sauce and condiments than you ever knew existed to go with all the various combinations of burgers, beans, chips etc mentioned above. Covent Garden might have developed into one of the more depressingly chi-chi parts of London but it doesn't only specialise in pasta and that ludicrous nouvelle cuisine. Remember it used to be the fruit centre trading of the metropolis and those market boys could soon sniff out a bargain.

And so can the local shop and office personnel who frequent **Diana's Diner**, Endell St, WC2, where I was once intrigued to see an entire banana placed in the blender to make a banana milkshake. All the desserts and main courses (home-made burgers and pies, liver and onions etc) are demon while the presence of a daily vegetarian special truly makes *Diana's Diner* a designer greasy spoon.

In neighbouring Neal Street, WC2, **Frank's Cafe** offers a similarly down-the-line set of cheap goodies for less than £3-a-head (another spoon criterion) although hardly as imaginative. Good barber's shop next door, too, (Cypriot, striped pole), if you're in the kind of a hurry that we trendies invariably are.

More eccentrically there is **John's Cafe**, Floral Street, WC2, which some call *Actors and Dancers* on account of the old sign on the wall in there declaring that only persons of that persuasion were allowed in. Perhaps that explains the occasional visitation by Glenda Jackson or maybe it's a wry acknowledgment of being opposite the poncey Dance Centre.

Across town the **New Hot Pot**, Hogarth Place, SW5 is the spoon in Earls Court's crown, particularly since they've installed romantic tables for two in bay windows. Which means if you don't like the one you're with you can always keep an eye out for another as you slurp your kidneys in red wine sauce, the token designer dish of this pad.

Since most of South London is a no-no (and in any case the superior pubs with attendant real grub should suffice down there) the remaining centre of greasy spoonery is West London. **The Acton Grill**, Acton High Street, W3 does a cooked breakfast for £1.70 but being family-run one can expect good value. The dishes of the day change every day and especially recommended is the freshly-made vegetable soup.

Further in, Westbourne Grove, W11 provides a positive plethora of shiny spoons, stand-outs being **The Blue Sky** (curry as well as the usual roasts with chips and bread and butter pud), and *The Bourne* which goes as far as to offer a set Sunday lunch. Which, as everyone knows is Greasy Spoonerism at its finest.

— Mike Nicholls ●

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Travel

BACK IN THE USSR

FIRST OFF, A FEW interesting facts about Russia. Vodka isn't cheap at all — a mediocre bottle will set you back around 12 roubles (approx £12). It is extremely cold (40 degrees below in March). Russians like ice cream. Why they want to eat ice cream when it's −40 is anyone's guess. All young men under 25 are in uniform. The average weekly wage is 100 roubles as are a pair of jeans. You can't get green vegetables for love nor money. The people are remarkably conservative. It's not as far away as you think. It's a two and a half hour flight to Leningrad. Most Russians speak surprisingly good pidgin English.

This was an eight day trip to the USSR comprising three days in Leningrad, three days in Moscow and two days in Murmansk. I'll spare you the stories about Peter The Great, Red Square, Lenin's favourite disco and how those domed buildings came to be. This was a trip for pure pleasure. Wading through the philosophies of Trotsky and Marx didn't enter into it.

After the obligatory tourism in Leningrad which is a series of organised party tours ably steered by two extremely pretty English speaking guides, the first thing you discover is that there is actually very little to spend your roubles on. The bars are few and far between and virtually impossible to find. The best source of entertainment can more often than not be found in the hotel itself and then it's only drinking and listening to piped Kim Wilde. Not that you feel up to disco dancing the night away after the hotel dinner.

The Russians derive an immense amount of pleasure from eating and dedicate time to it accordingly. It wasn't uncommon to spend six hours on a single meal during our stay. The food is basic but generally well cooked: caviar, naturally, is the most popular starter while beefsteaks and carrots comprised the bulk of most main courses.

It soon became apparent that beer is very scarce. Fortunately Russian champagne is reasonably priced (£5 per bottle) and makes you remarkably drunk. The Leningrad hotel was also the scene for the sampling of the Pepper Vodka which is made out of chillis and is not unlike drinking razor blades. It is disgusting, rating marginally above Russian cigarettes.

The highlight of the stay in Leningrad was a night at the nearest Russia gets to a nightclub — Troika (which means 'Sledge'). For £25 a piece four people shared a bottle of good Vodka, two bottles of champagne, one huge meal and a Las Vegas style cabaret show including a hilarious rock 'n' roll medley by women shot putters with plumes.

The hotel in Moscow was five star by anybody's standards. As a matter of course I was put in a penthouse (with five rooms) overlooking the Kremlin. As the Communist Party Conference was on at the time the Kremlin had been given a good scrub, and general opinion was that it hadn't looked that good for years.

Entertainment in Moscow was considerably better. The inevitable visit to the Moscow State Circus was magnificent on its home territory. You can tell the juggling bears really loosen up on their own soil. Also playing at home in a local derby were the Moscow Dynamos ice hockey team who had stuffed the Canadian national team the week before, so spirits were pretty high until they in turn got mashed 6-1. Heineken was £2 a pint but you couldn't get near the bar without selling your watch or your Levis so I stuck with the champagne.

Curiously Russians don't sing at matches — they clap in intricate patterns that display great joy or disappointment. This struck me as very odd, and fairly skilful, seeing that nearly everyone I met was half, if not three quarters drunk.

A visit to Moscow wouldn't have been complete without a meal at the National Hotel opposite the Kremlin. Needless to say the Chicken Kiev was excellent.

The biggest disappointment of the visit was Murmansk. It is without doubt the Hull of the Soviet Union — a dour little fishing town whose main claim to fame is that it houses the Northern Fleet.

Murmansk is the furthest non-frozen point North in the *whole bloody world*. But it still managed to provide some of the humorous elements of the holiday. Watching a consignment of some 2000 vile plastic shoes disappear in ten minutes, having a conversation with a prostitute about the futility of soliciting at 40 below and watching a Russian soap opera in which the good guys were the factory workers with the highest productivity rates. All good clean stuffsky.

The first question people seem to ask anyone who has visited Russia is about the military presence. The truth is that the presence is very strong indeed and if that will spoil your holiday then you'd be strongly advised not to go.

The tour is also relatively strictly guided. You do get some time to yourself and a chance to explore the less tourist oriented areas but generally our guides (both of whom were ludicrously attractive, I might add) were extremely helpful, unobstrusive and respectful of the fact that we didn't want to be treated like sheep.

But for the dedicated traveller Russia is a positive must. It possesses the strangest hybrid of cultures in the world and Moscow has the finest underground train service in the entire cosmos.

One word of advice though, bring a hat — I ventured out without one and got stared at as if I had five legs. Oddly enough the cold transcends pain when you are out in it but the minute you get inside you feel as if your head is going to explode.

Marx wasn't joking when he said, 'Only a berk goes out in Russia without his hat on!'

Most eight day packages are available from around £300. Check with your travel agent for details.

— ***David Kushtev***

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

This is a man's world and it's slowly being taken over by women. First the vote, then equal pay and now the bathroom. Toilet-sniffer Adrian Deevoy curses the invasion of gels, smells and blade blunting leg hairs.

Emasculation is not a word I use lightly. But the female oriented beauty is gradually and insidiously gnawing away our manhood. The bathroom has become a battleground where a chap has to fight to preserve his masculinity. There was a time when a bar of coaltar, a packet of Bics, a tube of Colgate and a splash of Blue Stratos (if you were feeling frisky) were more than adequate. These days it is all but impossible to buy a bar of coaltar. I was curtly informed a year ago by a pimply brat in a chemist that I'd have to wait until after the miner's strike.

We are drowning in a sea of gels, toners, moisturisers, conditioners and body oils. It is no longer socially acceptable to leave the bathroom smelling clean — we now have to exude an odour that could kill a healthy rhinocerous. It is not sufficient to be clean shaven — people must stop you in the street after having mistaken you for a peach. 'I'm sorry mate, I thought you were a peach but now, upon closer inspection I see that you are merely clean shaven'.

Way back when I was a Roman centurion we never had this trouble. Splash on a bit of Brutus Odourus in the morning and you were away. Nobody minded that you smelt like a gladiator's loin-cloth come midday. That was just considered to be *manly*. But now it's virtually a treasonable offence to perspire. According to manufacturers of Wild Fern and Spring Strawberry deodorants sweating is *not* the body's highly intricate cooling mechanism, it is a crime akin to genocide for which one should be pointed at in public places by people silently mouthing BO.

For a time I believed that shaving was an area that the beauty moguls couldn't touch. It is, after all, the last bastion of masculinity. Or, as Barry Norman would say, is it? Because if they can't get to you direct they get to you through your woman. So while you are hacking away at the facial hair in the morning you are blissfully ignorant of the fact that she is reading a woman's magazine telling her to shave her legs with *your* razor. And that's exactly what they do. You show me a man who has gone for a nice Chas 'n' Dave only to find his razor clogged up with leg hair and I'll show you a man with a beard.

The funny part is the look of incredulity on their faces when you point out to them that they have bunged your razor up. They seem to genuinely believe that the hair on their legs is unlike any other body hair in that it can't possibly blunt blades. I've known women who get five o'clock shadow on their calves and still refuse to accept that they could render a Wilkinson's Sword useless.

There was a hope that the finest of male institutions The Barber would remain immune to female infiltration. In retrospect it was highly unrealistic. It was a paradise that couldn't have lasted for ever — every Friday night a happy half hour discussing football, hot curry and hot women and getting your barnet tidied up into the bargain. The weekend never felt quite right unless it began with Tony, my barber, asking me if I wanted, 'a bit of spray, sir?' and even though he was more than *au fait* with modern methods of contraception, 'something for the weekend, sir?' as he deftly showed me the back of my head with a hand mirror. Unfortunately Tony soon succumbed to female pressure, began to spell his name Toni and opened a 'hair sculptor's' called Follicles. I tried to remain faithful but Toni started insisting that I should drink coffee and discuss my hair for 20 minutes before he'd pick up a pair of scissors.

Toni's sad decline was reflected by the hair products market. You didn't have to go to your bank manager to get insulted any more, you bought a bottle of shampoo that told you deadpan that you were 'greasy', 'flaky' or plain old 'ordinary'. Similarly what used to be Brylcreem was now a mind boggling selection of gels which 'held' your hair and made you smell like you'd come out of the wrong side of a knuckles with an Avon Lady. It was reassuring to see Brylcreem bounce back recently but the rot had already 'set' in.

In return for all this enforced femininity what do we get? Man size tissues. That's what. Are our noses bigger? Barbra Streisand may claim that her face is further back than everyone else's but she can still beat every one of my big nosed mates in the probiscis stakes by a nose at very least.

Even aftershaves are beginning to become a female preserve. Look what happened to Kuros — a perfectly decent aftershave until women started calling it 'cologne' and dabbing it behind their ears. Hence Kuros got stuck half way and ended up as a firm favourite with the homosexual fraternity which meant you couldn't walk into a pub wearing Kuros without being subjected to all manner of gay masonic gestures and endless offers of Campari.

In an attempt to combat this evil I decided to work from within. I bought some Aromatherapy Athletic Bath Oil from the Body Shop — it had a manly ring to it. The first thing it did was turn the bathwater grey which after a hard day in the office I'm perfectly capable of doing on my own. The only other effect it had was that it left me feeling greasy and reeking of liquorice.

'Never mind', a friend reassured me, 'it takes all sorts.'

I'd have thumped him but I'd just had my nails done. ⊶

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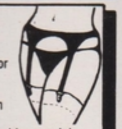

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Chrissie Lane's DIARY

Tired? Pale? Exhausted after just three premature ejaculations? Let Chrissie Lane instruct you in the art of getting fit for sex. And the beauty of it is, you can learn on the job. . .

Oh my gosh! It's May already — time to get in shape ready to take advantage of any early summer sun. I've been checking over my equipment — one just-about-decent leopard print bikini for sunbathing in the local park without causing riots, one bright pink g-string for sunbathing in more secluded places and one fully intact skin for sunbathing in friends' gardens, on Brighton's nudist beach and anywhere else I can get away with it.

The first two outfits were no problem but the last one seemed to need some extra attention. After being hidden away under clothes all winter it needed a bit of perking up, so I phoned Jo and we both decided that what we needed was a Fitness Weekend at the Hythe Imperial at Hythe in Kent (see my diary in Vol. 21 No. 2 for details of our amazing jacuzzi weekend there) where we had a great time, got properly toned up and spent hours talking about bodies we have known and loved.

Jo had once been very stuck on body builders and although I tend to prefer men who are slimmer and less lumpy looking, I do agree with her that muscular strength can be very useful indeed in sex. Even in the plain, ordinary missionary position, for example, it's much better if the guy's arms are strong enough to support him for as long as his cock wants to keep going. When the person who's fucking you suddenly goes weak at the elbows and collapses on top of you, there's not really much you can do until he gets his breath back enough to let you roll over on top.

Which reminds me of a lovely story another friend told me. One evening at university she heard banging and cries of 'Help! Get me out of here' from the room next door. With the assistance of a friend who was good at picking locks, she and the small crowd which had gathered eventually broke into the room to find the girl who lived there pinned to the bed by her boyfriend's unconcious body — both of them naked except for the cowboy boots he was wearing. It turned out that they had been having an extra-memorable sex session when he got a bit too carried away and knocked himself out by head-butting the wall at the end of the bed. He was a big guy — over six foot — and she was only 5'3", so try as she might she just couldn't shift him off her. The longer he lay there unconcious the more worried she became and the only solution had been to yell for help. Friends wrapped him up in some clothes and took him to hospital where they kept him in overnight in case of concussion, but he turned out to be perfectly all right by the next day. By the end of the week everyone at the university knew that he always fucked with his boots on and he never did live it down, although rumour had it that ever since he moved the bed away from the wall before having sex.

Limbering up

In addition to pointing out that weight-lifters are the easiest guys in the world to pick up — all you have to do is find a gym, put on some really sexy workout clothes and ask whoever you fancy if he could watch you and say whether you're doing it right — Jo's main recommendation for 'what to do with weight lifters' was to try positions which can be difficult-to-impossible with men who aren't particularly strong. She'd always fancied fucking a guy with him stood up and her legs wound around his waist but being nearly 5'10" she'd had problems finding guys strong enough to support her or brave enough to risk a sprained cock. Her weight-lifters, on the other hand, were more than happy to demonstrate their prowess at sliding her up and down their hard shafts while she screamed out her pleasure.

Loosening up

A tight grasp

We both agreed, however, that you don't need to look like Arnold Schwarzenegger for exercise to improve your sex life — any form of exercise which helps your strength, suppleness or stamina really pays off in bed. It's so frustrating when you or the object of your lust run out of steam when you still want more. Of course, you can always just lie back and use your hands and mouths but being fitter helps keep your options open. Besides, if you're in such bad condition that sex always leaves you feeling totally shagged out you can't slip in a quick one whenever you feel like it.

Inch watching

I usually manage to keep pretty fit by swimming and doing the Canadian Air Force exercise programme but I've always been very supple anyway. In fact, I'm what people call double jointed, which means that I can fuck in some positions which others can't reach — such as lying on my back with my knees next to and behind my shoulders and my feet up behind my head. It's a bit difficult for me to appreciate the advantages of a body that bends like rubber — I've never known anything different — but there are quite a lot of men around who seem to enjoy it.

One good way of limbering up and getting fit for sex, apart from sex itself of course, is to get stuck into some exercise with a partner.

One of my lovers decided that, after a lifetime of being slim and supple he had started to droop a little around the middle. So as an extra encouragement I offered to indulge in exercises with him.

He stripped down to a cock hugging jockstrap and I attired myself in a substantial, but pretty bra and the rudest pair of shorts I could find. You know the sort of thing — tight, with hardly anything between the legs.

I started with simple stuff, just bending over and touching my toes whilst he stood and watched. Although ogled would be more appropriate. Then I started getting ruder, lying on my back with my legs splayed as far apart as possible.

Torso tightening

By this time my shorts had ridden right up, and were splitting my pussy lips. My lovers jock strap had also become rather strained, and not being one to ignore a stiff cock I slipped it out of its confines, tugged my shorts to one side and pulled him on top of me. We humped and we bucked and we sweated until we finally collapsed, exhausted but satisfied. Now that was one fun way of doing pressups.

Another thing that men seem to appreciate is a good set of pelvic muscles. I love the expression on a guy's face when he's taking a rest and suddenly I start to squeeze and milk his cock with my pussy while he just lies there revelling in it.

A simple start

I have one friend who developed her muscles so well that she could shoot plastic bananas a couple of feet into the air — an interesting party trick but not one to try out in front of guys who take sex particularly seriously. (I don't recommend real bananas for this — both ends have hard, scratchy bits on them and a too soft specimen can be reduced to pulp by a powerful pussy, which can frighten off nervous lovers.) Plastic bananas can also be useful for developing these pelvic muscles by exercising them. You half sit, half lie down with your legs wide open, slide a clean plastic banana half way in with the stalk end out and then try to make the banana move. This bizarre activity is actually good for you, will be appreciated in the long run by all the men in your life and can reduce you and any onlookers to helpless giggles.

Vicki Woolf's book *Shape Up For Sex* (Zomba, £6.95) includes some less strange exercises which will tone up both the pelvic area and your body in general. As the title suggests, the book describes keep-fit exercises in the tradition of Jane Fonda et al but section titles like Hot Squats, Going All The Way, Sexercise and Bottoms Up reveal that this is definitely not a book for prudes. Vicki Woolf's emphasis is upon how these exercises can improve your sex life and I'm sure she's right — it's just a shame that the book only applies to women. In my experience women are usually more tuned in to their bodies than men are and know that, as sex is something you do with all your body, it makes sense to keep that body in the best condition possible. Even today there are still a lot of men who are under the impression that sex is something you do with just your cock and lavish more time and attention on their cars, keeping them looking good, than they ever would on their own bodies.

Of course, besides exercise being good for your sex life, your sex life can itself be one of the best forms of exercise. I remember one conversation about 'what's the best form of

Slide saddle

Cooling off

A neat seat

exercise' when Graham said that he found that a regular supply of good sex was all the exercise he needed to keep in perfect trim and proceeded to prove his point by doing 25 chin ups hanging from the door frame.

Whatever other beneficial effects exercise might have, the fitter and suppler you are, the more you can vary your sex life. I'm particularly fond of doing it doggy-fashion — partly because my partner's hands can do the walking all over my body and partly because we can both move around or let the other one make the running, as we please. It's also good to be able to reach down and play with his balls between his legs, although it's not usually a good idea to do this for too long, unless you're ready for your man to come.

Something I've always wanted to be able to do, but is probably impossible for anyone other than professional dancers and top gymnasts, is to fuck a guy by doing the splits over his cock and then sliding myself up and down using just my powerful thigh muscles. I've never risked trying it with a cock, it would be far too easy to slip and bring a lovely evening to a painful conclusion.

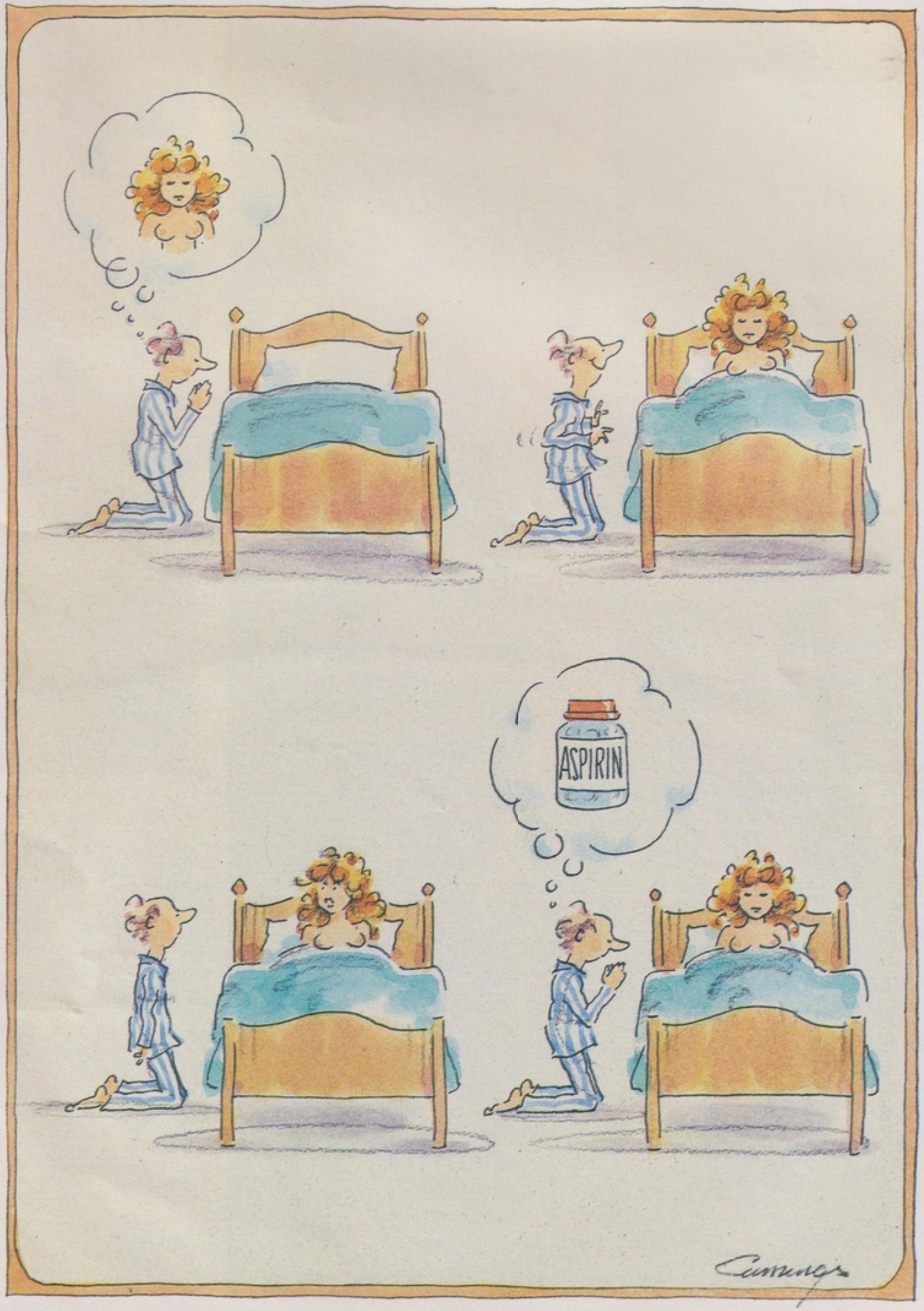
Jo and I discussed all this in the sauna, in the pool, on the exercise machines, in the changing rooms and even over our long, delicious three course dinners (well, if you do lots of exercise and eat fish rather than meat there's no reason to do without dessert, even on a fitness weekend). We even discussed it with Patrick, a nice young man who came in to use the weight machines but didn't put up much of a fight when we abducted him back to our room and had our evil way with him. We even managed to end up in the complicated but oh so worthwhile 'club sandwich' sort of position with Jo lying face up on the bed, me kneeling over her face to fanny and Patrick kneeling behind me, fondling Jo's and my tits, while Jo's tongue worked its way from my clit up and down Patrick's cock and over his balls as he slid his cock in and out.

Just one last word for anyone who's read or heard that exercise, particularly jogging, will reduce your libido. In *The She Complete Guide to Sex & Loving* (Ebury Press, £12.95) Dr David Delvin explains that several years ago the eminent medical journal *General Practitioner* published an article about how an American university had discovered that exercise makes people lose interest in sex because it raises the temperature in their running shorts. The whole story was an April Fool's Day joke — the university was completely fictitious and the punchline was that scientists were working on a pocket refrigerator to be worn inside the running shorts. But certain members of the press failed to see the joke (they'd probably been waiting for years for a good excuse to justify their sitting around drinking and smoking instead of joining in with all the keep fit boom), the story was republished all over the world and no amount of denial managed to scotch the rumours. So don't worry — as long as you're reasonably healthy and approach things sensibly, exercise should do you and your sex life nothing but good, even without a pocket refrigerator.

Love and lust,
Chrissie.

Laid Back

On the pull



PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

ITALY

Maria

This month's raven haired beauty comes from Venice where she tells us that all the gondoliers have long poles. Blushing, she confessed that they know what to do with them too. Looking at Maria it's not surprising that the hot blooded Italians like a pizza the action. We bet our readers would like to give her a cornetto too.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIWER OHLSSON

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

IRELAND

Kathleen

Phew, what a Cork-er! Kathleen hails from that part of the Emerald Isle, and doesn't mind turning on a bit of the blarney in defence of her native county. 'It's a fine place to live — darling people and a leprechaun in every field!' she says, fingering her very own pot of gold.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIWER OHLSSON

AUSTRIA

Anna

Anna sighs as she tells us in her husky teutonic accent that 'Austria is sooo boring.' We find that hard to believe, what with the schnapps, the snow and going out on the piste. Austria may be straight laced, Anna, but we reckon that even the cuckoos would come out of their clocks to peek when you've got your lederhosen unlaced.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY RICHARD DESMOND.

The author is Chairman and Managing Director of the Northern and Shell group of companies, whose media and communications interests include publishing *Penthouse, Forum, Fitness, Video World, International Musician and Recording World, One Two Testing, Bicycle* and *Venture UK* magazines. He is also Chairman of DeMonde Advertising and Communications and Media Ltd. After ten years building The Northern and Shell Group from nothing, he argues that even in the cut and thrust of the media business, 'Fortress Wapping' is a shameful option.

HOW I REALISED I WAS A SOCIALIST

Over the years I have worked hard employing people, firing people, taking on suppliers, cancelling suppliers, selling my products strongly to gain peace of mind, wealth and recognition. To this end, by my own judgment, I have been successful. Of course, there have always been and will always be the Hansons and Broackes of this world but in general, I am pleased with what I have accomplished at the age of 34, after leaving school at 15 and hauling myself up the ladder. I assumed over the last 15 or so years that since I was a Capitalist I was also a Conservative and I remember vividly my amazement when I met Robert Maxwell for the first time many years ago and he told me he was a Socialist. How could it be? How could super-successful people in business be Socialists?

Then the miners' strike came up and Scargill was described as a 'Hitler'. I went along with that view. Until, that was, a cold day in early January when news began to filter through that the big brick building near the Tower of London which I pass every day was smuggling in union electricians from the Southampton area, no less, in preparation to produce the *News of the World, Sun, Sunday Times* and the *Times*. My initial reaction was that Murdoch would never get away with it, the whole of the printing industry would come out on strike and amongst the casualties would be me.

After all, if I could not produce my nine monthly magazines and there were no newspapers or magazines being published, my ad agency would not be able to book space, therefore we would have no income. So how long would I be able to go on paying my team of 120 who had trusted me and had got married, had children, bought houses, in short, totally committed themselves to the company? If the printing industry struck, and bearing in mind the length of the miners' strike — how long could I keep my commitment to them? Let alone to my suppliers who also employ hundreds of people to produce and distribute my products in the UK and around the world.

All of this could come about through the greed and ego of one man — Rupert Murdoch.

Yes, we have all heard the mumbles and grumbles about Fleet Street Workers, 'Mickey Mouse' or 'Donald Duck' signing for cash, but at least those workers turned up for work every day in London and bought their houses, cars, food and so on in England paying due taxes (such as VAT) and costs — I repeat — in England. Murdoch's was not the only way. The much maligned but honourable Robert Maxwell was genuinely able to show his workforce and their union leaders that his Mirror Group could not make any money. He adopted a solution where a third of his workforce left to give his company profitability but left with the cash they deserved. He did not build a brick warehouse or use the British police force to produce what looks to me like a Dachau or Auschwitz environment to give his shareholders more profit, and his company more profit to invest in America or Australia.

After all, are not scenes of innocent people, who live in Wapping, being questioned on the streets reminiscent of Nazi occupied Europe and of a fascist regime? When one also looks back at how Robert Maxwell turned a fat, complacent, semi bankrupt BPC into a success by using new technology, bargaining and negotiation it shows what can be done. By working hard in England every day — and I mean every day 24 hours a day, which sounds far fetched but it's true — you can have success and still have heart, compassion and honour. There are ways of abiding by British law and the British way of life and still making honourable profits in publishing and printing today.

I remember from reading Harold Evans' (ex-Editor of the *Sunday Times*) book, *Good Times, Bad Times*, that when Murdoch took over that British Institution, the *Times*, he had to give guarantees regarding editorship and general style, quality and format. Is the *Times* today as it was envisaged? Even in spite of these guarantees. . .

Fleet Street is another British institution and all my business friends told me how inevitable Murdoch's solution was as the Street had been 'overmanned and overpaid'. Some decades ago it was decided by the Press Barons of the day, that a system of overmanning and overpaying should be deliberately set up to keep competitors out as the basic cost of paper, print and staff to produce newspapers was quite low: the Press Barons had bought these papers to pursue not profit but their own power, including political power.

The system lasted, and in fact worked well. There are no fewer national newspapers today than there were 20 years ago. Overall sales of papers have not fallen either — in spite of the fact that their cover price, in real terms, is higher today than it was. In a way, the print unions have acted very responsibly: they have exploited the Press Baron monopoly as any sensible union would, by constantly pressing for the improvement of their members' pay and conditions: but even when that pay reached almost astronomical levels, they took care not to put their employers out of business completely. Until, that is, the historical and almost disastrous year-long *Times* strike, and the decision of the management that *this must stop*. The print unions, having been cultivated by Press Barons, must now be destroyed by them. But whatever the arguments for and against unions, the proprietors have no right to complain.

All these years later, Murdoch's pretext is that a Northern 'freesheet' owner — a man with limited capital who had never sold a paper on a news stand — has started a national paper in competition to his own. Because of this, we are given to understand Murdoch had to bring in new technology to compete.

Fine, nothing wrong with that, but why did he want to jeopardise my little business as well as dozens of others? Was it because his papers had been forced off the streets by the unions and he was planning his personal revenge? Or was it that his vast empire, based in Australia — or is it America? — was not making any money out of the operation in England?

I could have fallen off my chair when I read a report in the *F.T.* that 51 per cent of the profits of his group came out of England. I later read in the same publication that on his American newspapers, which are completely produced by modern technology, circulations were actually diving and they could not get the advertisers. He was not popular in that quarter but, on the other hand, he was very friendly with President Reagan.

A relatively unpublicised report on the 11th March 1986 confirmed that Murdoch's publishing interests were already doing very nicely for him in the UK, even before Wapping. During the last six months of 1985 News International disclosed a surge in pre-tax profits of 85 per cent. At the beginning of the period they were £18.7 million, and by the end of it they stood at £34.5 million. So the disruption, the sweeping changes and massive redundancies were not part of a survival package, but a strategy for wringing more money out of an already lucrative enterprise.

Then it became common knowledge that he had set up a myriad of companies in England, presumably to ensure that he could use the laws of England to fire 6,000 people without compensation. I worked out that if the average compensation was, say, £20,000 per person, the amount they could save by using the laws was £120 million. It could be more and it could be less, but whilst I realise that within these 6,000 people, perhaps 200 were possible agitators, he has used the laws of this country to ruin the lives of the majority of his workforce and their families who have produced for him 51 per cent of his profits.

It was then I realised I was a socialist without a party or a leader to follow. O⊢■

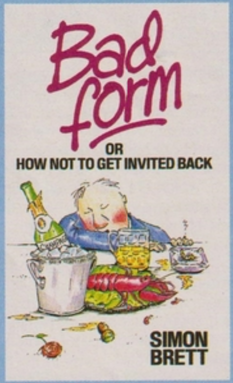
> ❛ There are ways of abiding by British law and the British way of life and still making honourable profits in publishing and printing today. ❜

ANOTHER VIDEO BLAG

Whilst the world's popular press waste time, energy and ambulances desperately chasing Madonna, we here at *Penthouse Mews* like to take things a little easier. So when those charmingly effervescent PR girls at Rank/Orion Video were otherwise occupied we went and took five copies of Mrs Penn's *Desperately Seeking Susan*.

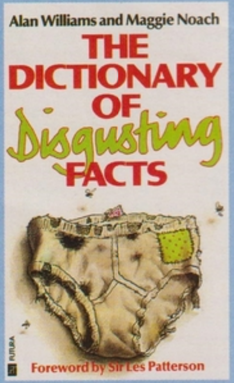
As the videos are a little hot (criminally speaking) we'd like to give them to you. Just tell us in which city Madonna was born. Answers should be marked *Desperate Competition* and sent to the normal address. The first five correct entries will receive a discreet brown package. No questions asked.

◀ BAD . . . TO WORSE ▶



A veritable bible for all Etiquette Anarchists is Simon Brett's *Bad Form* (Arrow, £1.95). Subtitled 'How Not To Get Invited Back' it is intended to develop your level of obnoxiousness in the company of others and offers pointers on how to liven up a party at The Palace, embarrass friends and end an affair.

One sure way of getting shot of your loved one is to stuff her kebab full of maggots, which is one of literally dozens of real life reports highlighted in the Dictionary of *Disgusting Facts* (Futura, £1.95). Disgusting, but true.


Alan Williams and Maggie Noach
THE DICTIONARY OF Disgusting FACTS
FUTURA
Foreword by Sir Les Patterson

WE'RE SO BLOODY NICE ▶

Is there no end to this benevolence? We give you holidays, we give you cars, we give you videos, we give you piles. . . of things. And now we're going to give you the finest LP of Cinema hits (Tower Bell Records) ever recorded.

Michael Jackson, Huey Lewis, Eurythmics, Wham!, Diana Ross and many many more as they say on the tacky TV adverts. We've got 10 to give away. Simply answer the question below correctly and *The Cinema Hits* album could be winging way to you.

What pop star went off duty to write the soundtrack for 2010?

Send your answer to the usual address. The puny Editor's decision will be final.

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16 SMASH HITS FROM THE BIG SCREEN!
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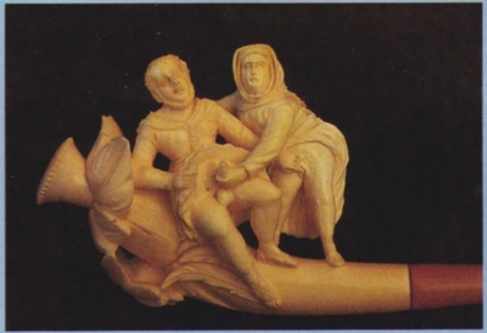
THE HORN PIPE ▶

With all sorts of strange and incurable diseases currently in vogue you'd be well advised to watch what you stick in your mouth. Especially if it's anything like this 19th Century erotic pipe.

It features vivid details of a man and woman playing with each others naughty bits and is certain to give credence to many a pipe smoker's adage that there's nothing more satisfying than a ready rubbed shag. We suggest you suck it and see.



PORTFOLIO

Penthouse Portfolio is the glossy equivalent of the National Portrait Gallery. Just snap your nearest and nudest and pop it in the post to us at the usual address. If we like it then *Penthouse* will be on your doormat, every month for the next year — absolutely free!

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This month's winner is Amanda from Morcambe in Lancashire who was photographed by her boyfriend Jeff. Second place goes to Jutta Anthony from Geisberg in West Germany.

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COMING SOON!

ON THE OFF BEAT
Love 'em or loathe 'em, we all know a copper or two — whether socially or professionally. But is life on the beat as simple as it seems? In next month's *Penthouse*, we delve into the stranger side of the force — and find out how one sex-crazed woman nearly caused a vanload of policemen multiple fractures and abrasions.

ENTER THE HEADCASE
Film fans will know Arnold Schwarzenegger as the Barbarian, the Commando or the Terminator. . . or perhaps all three. But does the man who makes his living as the screen's meanest sonofabitch really enjoy his murderous image? Find out in our *Penthouse* Interview next month.

SINGLE LIFE
It's a hard, cruel world out there for the single men among us. . . but never fear. Big *Bill Shipton* has checked out the more offbeat venues for picking up crumpet — and as always, the man's come up trumps!

PLUS: Fifty pages of the ladies that send your libido loopy, films, fashion, action, opinion, the sexiest features and yet more naked creatures!

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Dates and articles are given in good faith but the publishers reserve the right to make changes.

THE WORLD

CONTINUED FROM P82

Greavsie: I agree. I'm not happy with the back four — I think we've only got one player there and that's Gary Stevens at right back.

Holmes: What about Scotland's defence?

Saint: We haven't done badly there lately. And in Alan Hansen, we've got one of the best centre backs in Europe and he's not even in the team!

Holmes: And up front?

Saint: I don't think Kenny Dalglish will play as he's not really played this year for Liverpool. Had he been in the team regularly, I would say yes, definitely, play him for he's still just about the best striker we've got. But I would take him anyway for his influence off the field.

Holmes: Do you think that the players who are likely to go to Mexico have got the temperament and character to cope with the problems they're going to face?

Saint: We can only wait and see on that.

Holmes: But they're going to have it better than you did, Jim, when you were on your mountainside. . .

Greavsie: Oh yes, they'll be better prepared. They'll have better food, better everything — Chile was the worst World Cup there's ever been and it won't be like that. There'll be plenty to do. . .

Saint: But it's what's going on in their heads that counts.

Greavsie: I would like our lads to have a good couple of months free of football and then gone back to training and done it rather than at the end of a season but you can't do it here, can you?

Holmes: So you don't think we'll ever do anything when the World Cup is over there?

Saint: No. But in Britain, we'd have a chance.

Greavsie: We need to start thinking about cutting down the size of our leagues. Our football is not going to survive unless the First Division is cut to 14 or, maybe 16, teams and games can be spaced out to allow players to recover from injuries. But we're never going to get that while the present people stay in charge. So Bobby Robson is going to have to battle on best he can and he, Alex Ferguson and Billy Bingham will be looking at no more and no less than to qualify for the next stage. And then they'll take it from there.

Holmes: Doesn't the fitness and character of the British players give you any hope for more than that?

Saint: But most of them will have played over 60 games. . .

Greavsie: I used to argue this with Pele. I'd like to have seen him playing here for nine months of the year instead of poncing around with little friendlies here and there doing all his tricks.

Holmes: Well, thanks for your views, gents — but I hope you're wrong! ⊶

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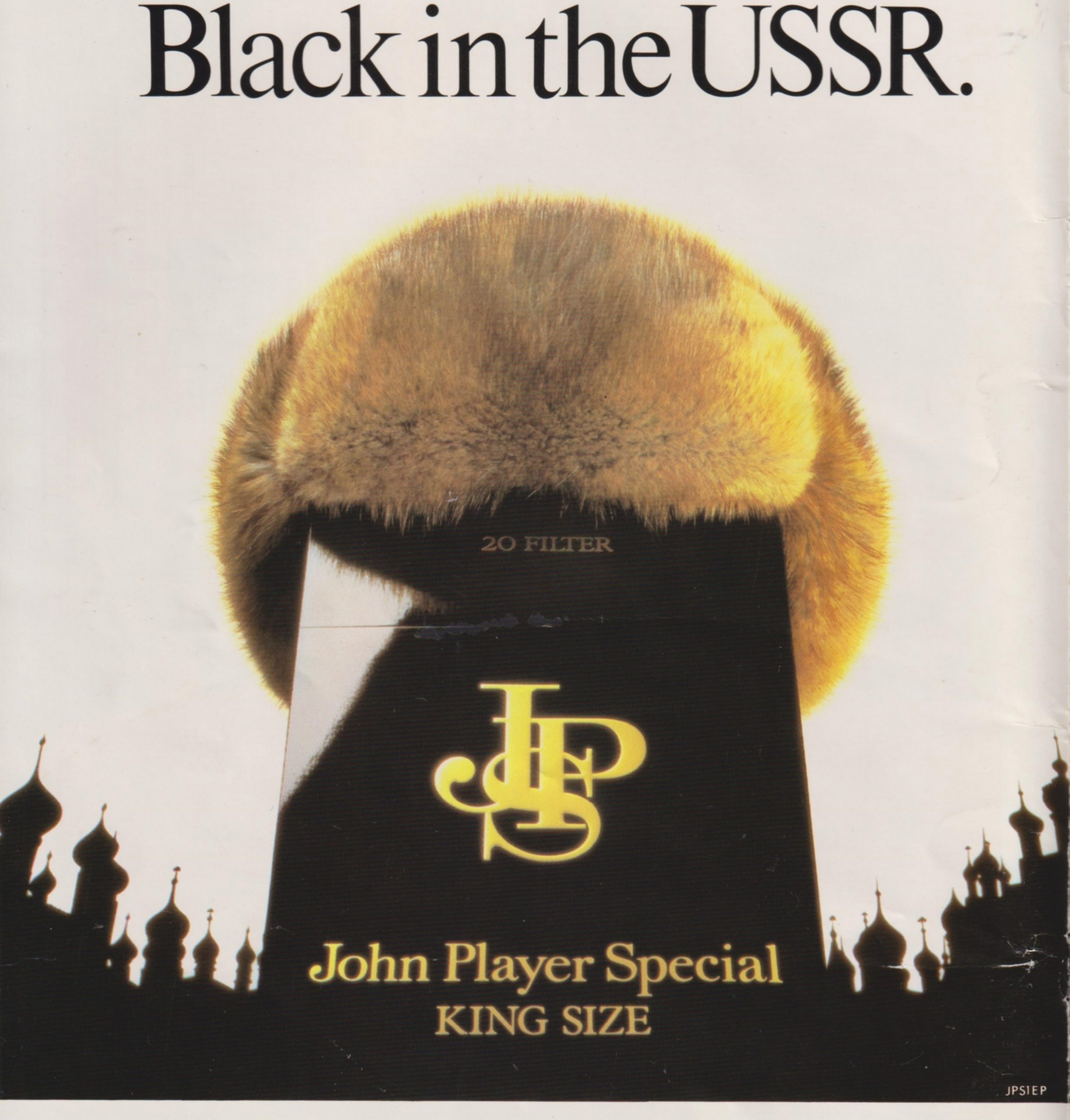
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